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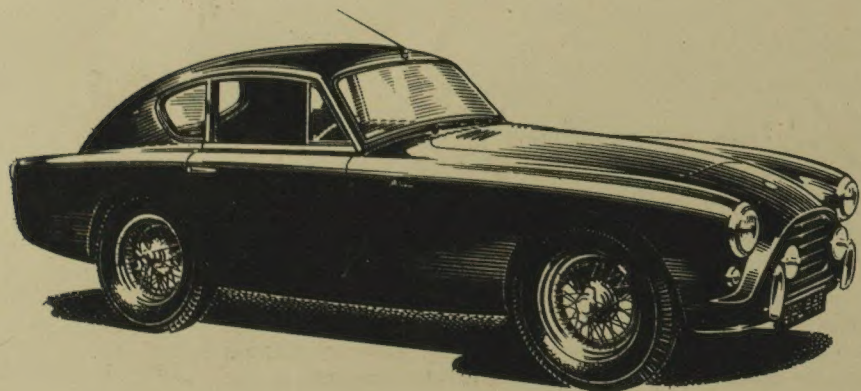
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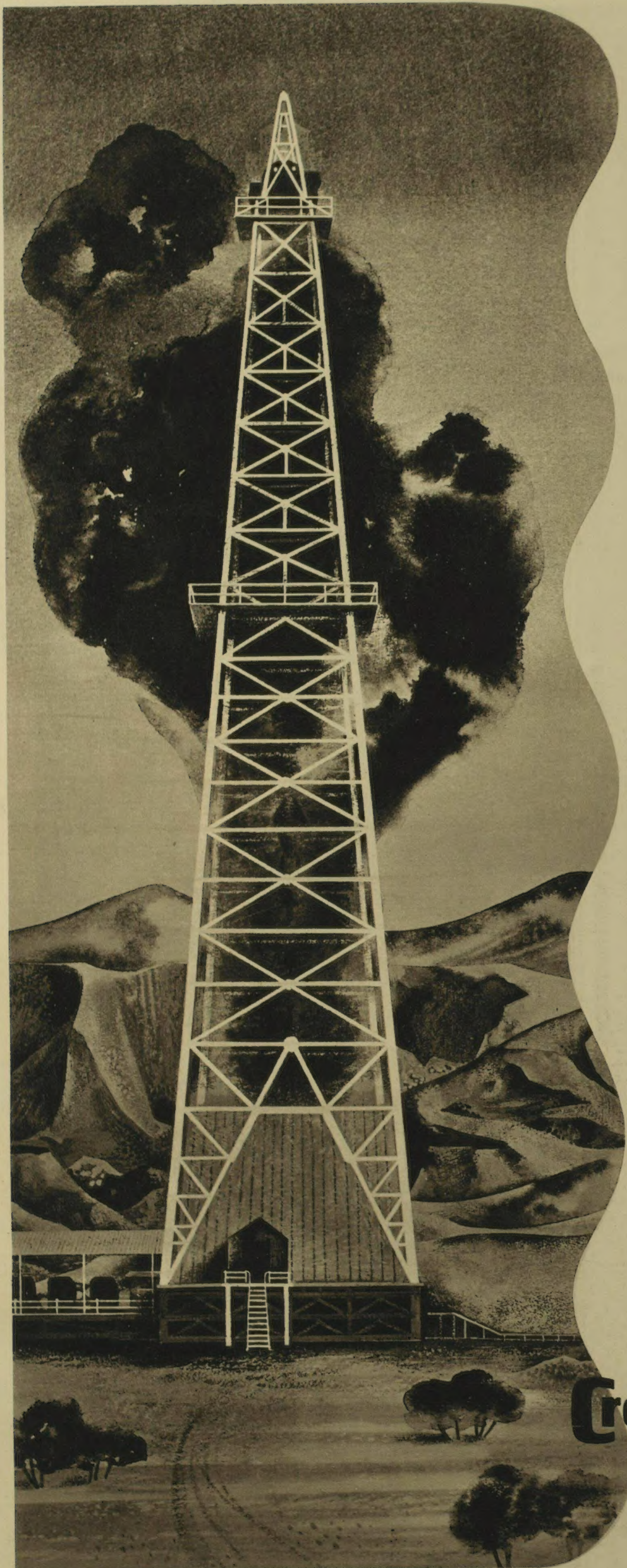
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JOHN EASON GIBSON, leading British motoring writer had this to say of the Rover in *Country Life* (1.3.56).

"The Rover is one of those cars to which one becomes more and more attached as the miles are covered . . . it combines, to an unusual extent, comfort, silence, performance and economy. Allied to these qualities is an outstanding impression of refinements, sadly lacking in so many modern cars. A stranger to the car would be surprised at finding out how high an average speed he was maintaining without having made any conscious effort to drive fast."

THE AUTOCAR (23.9.55), summed up Rover quality as follows:

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SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1956.



VISITED BY H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER FOR THE SCHOOL'S RECENT QUATERCENTENARY: THE CLOISTERS, OUNDLE.

Oundle School recently celebrated the 400th anniversary of Sir William Laxton's bequest to the Grocers' Company for the school, and the occasion was marked by the visit of her Majesty the Queen Mother. The Old Boys' Reunion took place at the same time. During her visit,

her Majesty attended the dedication of the new Chancel windows in the Chapel, and also opened the new Pavilion which has been given to the school by Old Oundelians. More drawings of Oundle appear on pages 51 to 53. [Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.]

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SO for three months the voice of Big Ben has been silenced—to an Englishman the most familiar and reassuring voice in the world. It is not a very old voice, as bell-voices go, not half as old, for instance, as the great bell of St. Paul's that is standing in for it while the clock-mechanism whose time it proclaims is undergoing repair and overhaul. It was heard for the first time in May 1859—just before the battles between the French and Austrians that created modern Italy and a few weeks after the birth of my own father.

It has sounded, in fact, for less than a hundred years. Yet in its century of existence it has become the authentic voice, not of London alone, but of this country. And during the late war, and particularly in that dreadful year when the hopes of an enslaved Europe and of every man who loved human liberty and decency hung on the resistance of Britain, the sound of Big Ben from the forbidden receiving-set was a trumpet call to hope and courage in places where hope and courage were almost dead. It seemed a living proof to millions in the enslaved lands that proud England still stood where she had stood through the centuries, inviolate and free. And as long as the British people remained free and continued to fight the tyrant—and once battle was joined, the two were synonymous—liberation for those whom their island arm could reach, however long delayed, seemed certain.

The memory of this sent me back to a book to which I referred on this page when it first appeared fourteen years ago, and whose impress on me at the time I shall never forget. It was written by a Hungarian, who had been brought up in England and who was living in Paris when the Germans entered it in 1940. It was entitled "Death and Tomorrow." "Death" was the German enslavement of France and "tomorrow" was England, for being a foreigner, or half a foreigner, the author, Peter de Polnay, used the old generic for our country that Shakespeare and Walter Scott used and that, *pace* my Scottish and Welsh and Irish readers, I propose borrowing from him to-day. "I saw," he wrote, "the death of a continent, and the first gleams of dawn from the west appeared to me because I never despaired of England."

There may be a more realistic, more evocative description of Paris under the heel of the Germans in the summer of 1940 than Mr. de Polnay's book, but I have yet to read it. He describes the prelude to that nightmare summer—a cynical France, better educated than any nation in the world, but without confidence in its rulers; a Government that told its people comfortable lies and fled when the lies were proved lies; a *bourgeoisie* that, still intent on feathering its own nest when the soil of France was in danger, retailed with a snigger stories of how French soldiers running away knocked over rabbits running in the same direction; a defence system that proved only "a fool's paradise peopled with the shadows of Gallieni, Foch and the rest." Thereafter he draws Paris abandoned—the roads leading out of it littered with "derelict cars, derelict tables and derelict prams"; the starved, bewildered, lonely dogs in the streets, standing trembling at the street corners; the whispering Fifth Columnists, the straggling French soldiers making their despairing way from the lost field, grimy and unspeakably haggard. And then the entry of the Germans: the grey, endless stream of helmeted men and armour; the swastika flying on the Arc de Triomphe; "Paris like a rose in the gutter."

During those summer and autumn months, before he escaped from the Occupied Zone to enlist in the British Army, Mr. de Polnay lived by selling paintings of Paris to the conquerors. I do not know how good, or bad, the water-colours he sold were—they were painted for him by an artist friend—but if they were half as good as the unforgettable portrait he painted of the Germans in their hour of triumph they must have been very good indeed. One sees them of all types sitting under the trees on the Butte, homesick for the Fatherland and eager for their coming conquest of England; drunken privates with tears in their eyes showing photographs of their wives and families to the prostitutes they later bilked of their dishonourable hire;

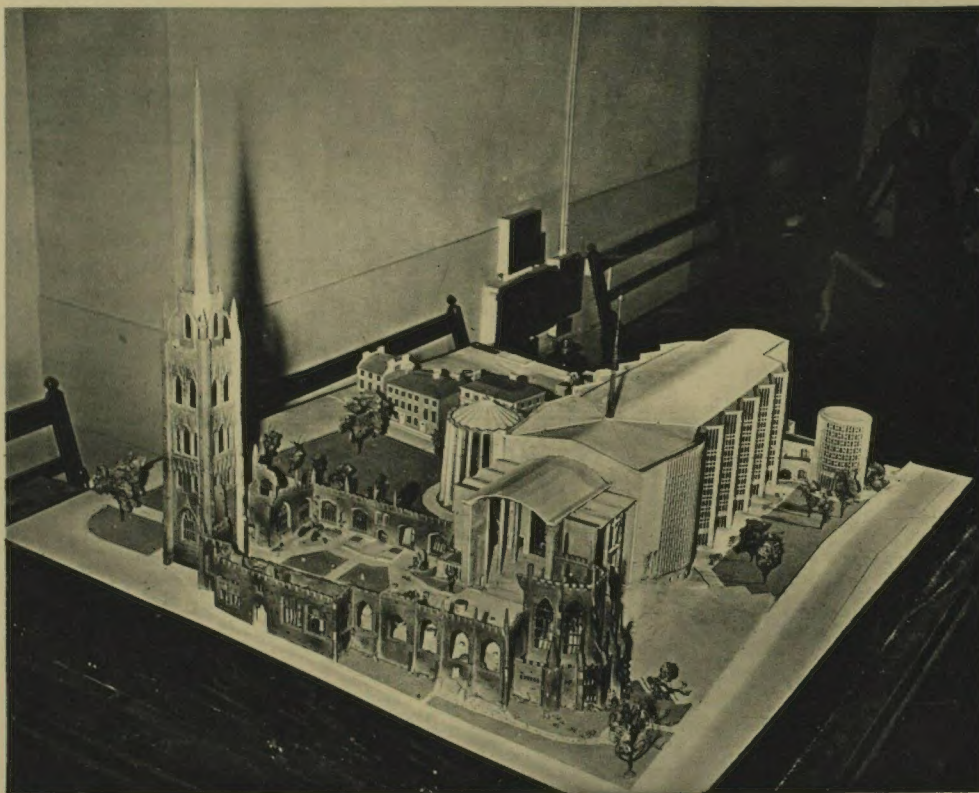
staff officers with studious faces and glasses, whose families had served Prussia in the Prussian Army for generations, who despised the Nazis but thought of Hitler as "the perfect man to keep the rear in shape"; "bullet-headed kindly fellows, who potter about in Occupied France wearing mackintoshes and carrying attaché-cases under their arms (commonly called the Gestapo)"; Ribbentrop, sitting beside Goering in a Rolls-Royce with a Dutch number, "looking like an ageing third-rate gigolo." And all of them full of "self-satisfaction and insinuation—the two most conspicuous German characteristics," with a deep-seated, universal belief that they had a right to conquer, or, if they could not conquer, to destroy their neighbours, and that there was one moral law for Teutons and another for the rest of the world. Few of them were Nazis, but all of them seemed to be out for conquest and to have under the surface the same fatalistic, plundering, self-pitying suicidal strain, illustrating the truth of Tardieu's saying: "*Hitler est la fumée, mais la paille c'est l'Allemagne éternelle.*" The Prussian Colonel of the General Staff, with his likable, serious way, quiet voice and well-bred smile, summed it up when he remarked, "We're a warrior nation. . . . Our German world is based on arms. Arms are Germany's destiny. Arms till there's nobody

left to bear arms against her. This is a religion with us. It makes the people enthusiastic and ready for every sacrifice, it makes the German philosopher write books about it, the statesman perorate, but to us—the soldiers, the specialists—it's a clear-cut issue." So did the little Junker, with his red jockey face, who in his cups foretold the end of the game with the revealing phrase, "We were only made to fight but not to win!"

Yet, even more compelling than the author's picture of the German Army in its hour of triumph is his picture of the French people recovering from the shock of defeat and conquest and the disillusionment of finding that their propagandists had been feeding them with lies. At first they were rather impressed by the outward correctness, success and even, on occasion, so long as it cost them nothing, apparent kindness of their conquerors. Then, as the *Fridolins* began to reveal themselves in their true colours, so did the French. Up in the north the poor were already sheltering thousands of escaped English prisoners, giving them food and money and clothing, and risking their lives to do so. "They did that," wrote the author, "at the time when they still thought that England had deserted them at Dunkirk. . . . France is known for her glorious history, art, and literature. In the future she will be remembered by all of us, who were either English by right or by inspiration, as the country where people are good, heroically good."†

What still more than the revelation of German character made Occupied France become France again and inspired the dawn of the Resistance Movement, was the realisation that England was fighting back and putting up, as one Frenchman—a royalist who never wavered in his faith in her—put it during the Battle of Britain, "the finest show in history." "*Les Anglais,*" the French told one another "*tiennent le coup.*" When, unshaken by the blitz, the British began to bomb Occupied France, the French wished they would bomb it more often; a charwoman declared that the sound of the R.A.F. bombers going over Villacoublay was the finest music she had heard in her life. Deep down in every French patriot's heart was the knowledge that England, by her resistance, was redeeming the faults of the past—her own and those of others—that a world without England was a world given over to slavery and inhumanity, and that England's victory would spell liberation. And every time Big Ben struck on the wireless the courage of the brave men and women of France and of other enslaved lands was revived by the sound of an English Victorian bell—like England herself a little cracked, but sound and working effectively—chiming true to the second the time recorded by a clock designed by an eccentric English lawyer who had made a fortune in railways and taken up clock-making as a hobby.

COVENTRY CATHEDRAL: A MODEL AT THE STAINED-GLASS EXHIBITION.



AT THE LONDON EXHIBITION OF SIX STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS FOR COVENTRY CATHEDRAL: A LARGE-SCALE MODEL OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL, AND THE OLD. THE WINDOWS ARE TO BE SEEN AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM UNTIL SEPTEMBER 30.

Six of the ten great stained-glass windows which have been made for the new Coventry Cathedral are on exhibition in the plaster cast Court at the Victoria and Albert Museum until September 30. As can be seen from this model of Mr. Basil Spence's design for the Cathedral, the windows, which are 70 ft. high, form an important integral part of the Cathedral as a whole. The commission for the windows was awarded to the Royal College of Art in 1952, and they have been designed and made at the College under the direction of Mr. Lawrence Lee, A.R.C.A., Head of the Department of Stained Glass. He has been assisted by Mr. Geoffrey Clarke, A.R.C.A., and Mr. Keith New, A.R.C.A. These interesting stained glass windows are illustrated and described in more detail on page 74.

* "Death and Tomorrow." By P. de Polnay. (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.)

† *Idem*, page 114.

OUNDLE: THE FAMOUS PUBLIC SCHOOL IN ITS NORTHAMPTONSHIRE SETTING.



A VIEW OF THE CHAPEL AT OUNDLE SCHOOL: WHERE H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER ATTENDED THE DEDICATION RECENTLY OF THE NEW STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS.



STANDING IN THE CHURCHYARD: LAXTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WHICH IS UNDER THE SAME HEADMASTER AS OUNDLE SCHOOL.

IN our issue of May 26 we published a number of photographs of Oundle School and on June 2 of the visit of her Majesty the Queen Mother for the 400th anniversary celebrations. Oundle School and Laxton Grammar School are both descended from the original school which was endowed under the bequest of Sir William Laxton to the Grocers' Company 400 years ago. The pupils at Laxton School are all day boys and live locally. The two schools have the same Headmaster, but Laxton also has a Master in Charge. The Chapel at Oundle School was built as a memorial to the Old Boys of the school who fell in the First World War and to the school's great Headmaster, F. W. Sander-son, who died in 1922.



THE OLD MARKET-PLACE AT OUNDLE: ON THE LEFT IS BRAMSTON HOUSE AND ON THE RIGHT THE PILLARED SCHOOL BOOKSHOP.



THE TALBOT HOTEL, AND FARTHER ALONG ON THE LEFT, SCHOOL HOUSE. IN THE FOREGROUND, THE TOWN WAR MEMORIAL.



TOWN AND SCHOOL SIDE BY SIDE: A VIEW OF THE MARKET-PLACE FROM THE BOOKSHOP, SHOWING BRAMSTON HOUSE ON THE FAR SIDE.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



OUNDLE SCHOOL, A VIEW FROM THE GREAT HALL BLOCK: THE CROCKETED SPIRE

Sir William Laxton was a native of Oundle who became a prosperous trader and Lord Mayor of London in the sixteenth century, and he left in his will certain London property to the Grocers' Company on condition they supported a school at Oundle. Originally the school had only a few boarders, and the

parents of a boy who was to be lodged in the town had to consult the "School-master . . . that he be not placed where it is known the Goodman or his wife are such as shall give example to the scholar to follow idleness, gaming, or other vain pastime not meet for students." In 1876 the school was divided,

Drawn by our Special



OF OUNDLE CHURCH, THE CLOISTERS (RIGHT) AND, BEHIND THE TREES, SCHOOL HOUSE.

and in addition to Laxton Grammar School there was now also the public school. In 1892 the great headmaster Mr. F. W. Sanderson came to Oundle School, chosen by the Governors to save the school from its current state of decline. Mr. Sanderson infused a new spirit into the school, laying the founda-

Artist, Dennis Flanders.

tions of the school's present high reputation. He was a great believer in the educational value of any serious study, and greatly developed the teaching of science and engineering at the school, and these subjects are still an important though by no means an exclusive part of the syllabus.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



RACCOONS: FACT AND OTHERWISE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT seems that, on this page for February 4 of this year, I referred to "the raccoon's trick of always washing its food." A few weeks later, Mrs. Norman W. Doudiet, of Maine, U.S.A., kindly wrote me, drawing attention to this and describing experiences with her pet raccoons. She also enclosed a charming photograph of two of the raccoons. The observations she had to make on this alleged trick of washing food interested me, but, above all, I was captivated by the picture of her pets, so I wrote her asking for more details about them. If the truth must be told, I felt it would be a pleasant change for those who read this page to learn something about other people's pets after seeing so much about mine. As it has

and farmyard, to add corn, insects and mice to their diet. He suggests there is no evidence to show that they carry each ear of corn or mouse to water before eating it. He also quotes Thomas W. Burgess, that when he put food out for wild raccoons, even with water readily available, only on one occasion did he see any attempt to wash food.

Similar testimony comes from "The Journal of Mammalogy" (Vol. 37, No. 2, May 1956), in an account of the nocturnal movements and behaviour of wild raccoons at a winter feeding station, maintained over a period of years for grouse and pheasants. "Shelled corn was placed on a site, approximately six feet in diameter, during early November and the supply was replenished as needed until the following March. Raccoons (*Procyon lotor*) were seen feeding in November 1940. Nightly observations were initiated late in this month and were continued through each succeeding winter until February 1943." The aim of the observations, carried out by Ward M. Sharp and Louise H. Sharp, were to study various aspects of the raccoons' behaviour, but, incidentally, they provided evidence on the supposed washing of food. This evidence

We may suitably conclude with some notes on the particular pets which started me on these enquiries, and here I quote from Mrs. Doudiet's last letter to me:

They very quickly discovered a trellis, rather heavily covered with wistaria, and spent many hours in this during the summer, chasing each other up and down or resting quietly in the vine above us. Should their attention be attracted to something behind them they were less apt to turn around than they were to bend over and look at it from between their hind legs. When coming down the low stone wall about the porch they descended head first, dropping the last few inches to land on their small black noses, which bent upward like India rubber. This seemed not to trouble them at all, though, as they grew in size and weight, it happened less and less often—either they became more agile or their increased weight made it uncomfortable enough to avoid.

It was apparent in a few days that their box was inadequate and one room of the barn was made ready for them, and they were set free there. As usual they were delighted at the opportunity to investigate anything new and at once they began to feel and smell everything that they came to—with special attention to small holes and cracks. Some time later, I found them in the one manger still full of hay, asleep in each other's arms. During the summer and fall, until they established their den in the woods, they continued to sleep there.

Raccoons, on their hind feet, can balance anywhere from an upright position to one leaning forward and even down, thus leaving their forepaws, or hands, as they seem, free to handle objects not only directly in front of them, but above and below. The raccoon's curiosity is boundless and, while he is awake, his hands are never still, and, since his eyes are so placed that he sees upward, he usually doesn't see what his hands are doing. This gives him a nonchalant appearance of watching what is going on around him while paying no attention to what he is doing.

Most of the time these raccoons were with us they were very playful, growling and pretending to bite each other. Meal times were accompanied by continuous muttered warnings, sounding like distant thunder. When in the garden with me they would hide in the peonies and then jump out, biting my skirt and then rolling over, nipping and growling at each other and at the garden hose. As they gained confidence in their surroundings they tried to run away, and when they were called, two small faces would turn and look, then they would run still more quickly away; however, a sudden noise in the distance or a strange



ANOTHER OF MRS. DOUDIET'S PET RACCOONS: CORNY, AT THE AGE OF ABOUT SIX MONTHS. RACCOONS LOVE TO INVESTIGATE ANYTHING NEW, AND FEEL AND SMELL EVERYTHING THEY COME UPON.

turned out, however, the main interest has shifted, so far as I am concerned, to the contents of Mrs. Doudiet's first letter, and I would like to quote from it.

Before doing this, a word or two must be said about my original statement. I have always understood that one of the peculiarities of raccoons was that they washed their food before eating it, even if that food was, as it often is, a fish or other prey taken from water. It now appears that this is quite wrong. Mrs. Doudiet wrote: "About July 10, 1954, I was given two young raccoons whose mother had been killed. They were just old enough to eat solid food and, during the summer, when I cared for them, seemed very fond of scrambled eggs, fish of all kinds, cake, and of very strong peppermint candy (which they would eat in what seemed to be unlimited amounts). They only occasionally 'dunked' their food at that time. As they grew older I let them out during the days—calling them back in the late afternoons. During this period they seemed to want no food but Graham crackers (i.e., biscuits). They may have found shellfish on our beaches. But the point I wish to make is this, the Graham crackers were the driest food offered, and this they *always* 'dunked,' leading me to believe that they may, since they usually eat fish, etc., have little saliva and need to 'wash' their food when it is dry."

One of the first things this letter did was to send me to a dictionary, to look up the verb "to dunk." Neither Webster nor the Oxford contained a reference to it, but it is, presumably, from the German "tunken," to dip, in which event its use here is particularly appropriate, in view of my next steps in following up this subject.

Clifford B. Moore, in "Ways of Mammals: In Fact and Fancy" (1953), gives the food of raccoons as frogs, fish, crayfish, mussels, as well as earthworms, turtle eggs and eggs of ground-nesting birds—so, clearly, scrambled egg must have been very much to their taste. Moore also points out that in late summer they often journey some distance from ponds and streams, into cornfield

is contained partly in these authors' silence on the point, and partly in their account of the weather conditions during the period of study.

Although nothing is said, in a positive sense, there is throughout this account the implication that the raccoons fed on the corn, often one individual remaining for an hour or more, with no water available, certainly no suggestion of dunking it. The single photograph published suggests that feeding was direct—that is, without "washing." Added to this, the two authors give statistical details of the relation between rate of feeding and temperature, indicating that feeding continued when lakes and marshes were frozen over.

Moore's suggested explanation of this supposed washing is as follows, that on the few instances, in the course of many years of observing raccoons, the animals appeared to be going through the motions of washing, but were actually "turning the morsel over and over, feeling for some part more dainty and inviting than the rest" which, when found, was promptly eaten. There is the possibility also that the raccoon was trying to soften the food rather than to clean it. This is in accord with the observations given us by Mrs. Doudiet.



TIGGY AND WINKLE, THE TWO PET RACCOONS OF MRS. NORMAN W. DOUDIET, OF MAINE, U.S.A., WHEN THEY WERE ABOUT SIX MONTHS OLD.

"They did everything together, but Tiggy was usually the leader. She was lighter and very gentle, but quick and assured, and held an ascendancy over Winkle, who was stronger, but slower. . . . Some time later, I found them in the one manger still full of hay, asleep in each other's arms."

voice, and there would be a scurry in the dried grass and leaves, and Tiggy would be back with her arms around my ankle while Winkle hid behind me. They did everything together, but Tiggy was usually the leader. She was lighter and very gentle, but quick and assured, and held an ascendancy over Winkle, who was stronger, but slower, and as he grew older, not completely happy with life as a pet, as Tiggy seemed to be.



(Above.) RECONNAISSANCE BY REMOTE CONTROL: A DEMONSTRATION OF A NEW U.S. ARMY DEVICE TO FACILITATE AIR SPOTTING AND REDUCE ITS DANGER.

A USEFUL new device for facilitating air reconnaissance has been developed by the United States Army. By means of installing a television camera and transmitter in a remote-controlled aircraft an observer on the ground can get an instantaneous aerial view of stretches of territory anywhere within a radius of forty miles. A ciné film record could also be made, presumably, of what appears on the television screen, for the purpose of detailed study or of slow-motion viewing. The task of aerial reconnaissance can thus be carried out without risking airmen's lives, and the spotter aircraft might with profit be sent on missions which would be regarded as suicidal for a piloted aircraft. The special light television equipment in the aircraft has been developed by the U.S. Army's Signal Corps Engineering Laboratories at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, and weighs only 135 lb. The camera points down or forward through the "belly" of the aircraft. These photographs, which were issued by the U.S. Army, show the apparatus in use during a recent demonstration.



CONTROLLING THE AIRBORNE TELEVISION STATION: THE SWITCH PANELS GUIDE THE REMOTE-CONTROLLED AIRCRAFT AND ITS AERIAL TELEVISION CAMERA AND TRANSMITTER.

A FLYING TELEVISION STATION UNDER REMOTE CONTROL: AN AMERICAN INNOVATION IN AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE.

WRITINGS OF AN OUTSTANDING NATURALIST.

"ADVENTURING WITH BEEBE." SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM BEEBE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

DR. WILLIAM BEEBE, who is now in his eightieth year, and who will die young, whatever the calendar may say, is a remarkable combination. He has a boyish passion for travel, exploration, and the watching of every sort of beast, bird, insect and fish, on the earth, in the sea or in the waters under the earth. He is a scientific man, and does not allow his love of Beauty, and of the Beast, to occlude his academic duty of shooting, hooking, netting creatures, comparing bone with bone and feather with feather, in order to throw what light he can on the vast and bewildering web of evolution. And, thirdly, he can write: vividly, and fluently, and when the theme naturally prompts him, can rise into eloquence, excitingly. There have been a few others who have combined these qualities. Had the great Linnæus—who catalogued all animated nature, and whose classifications still, to a large extent, subsist—written travel books, he must have ranked among them: when he first came to this country and saw a hillside of gorse in full bloom he said nothing about pistils and stamens but fell on his knees and thanked God for the gift. The young Darwin—the Darwin of the "Voyage of the Beagle"—must certainly have been included amongst these all-round men, scientists who are not desiccated. In later life he lamented that his long sojourn in the Valley of Dry Bones had robbed him of his appreciation of poetry. It was modest of him to say so; it was also scientific of him to record the fact. He, at least, stood in awe in front of the Universe. I have known so-called zoologists who were interested neither in life, nor in love, nor in the soul. The Greek word implies interest in life. Some of the men I have known have taken it as meaning interest in corpses, and especially in bones. Let the little technicians, or technologists (neither word makes sense to me in a modern connotation), get on with their work. But here is a voice, speaking from America, with an awareness of the remark that "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in thy philosophy."

Books by Dr. Beebe have been published in this country. The one of which I was first aware was the one which described his experiences in a bathysphere (later experimented with, at greater depths, by Professor Piccard) when he went down—half a mile down—to observe the fishes. Down, down, down he went: but even at the deepest depths the colour of the sea was blue, if blackest blue: a little light filtered through, but the inside of the steel globe in which Dr. Beebe and his companion were gradually sunk, was utter black. An electric beam was shot out from this sunken globe. Dr. Beebe, with his sphere sweating all around him, sat and made notes. The plankton, which provides the nourishment of surface-feeding, or near-surface-feeding animals, including huge whales, is no longer present in the dark depths. With every lowering of his cables the nature of the fauna changes; smaller and smaller grow the shoals which pass his windows, more and more phosphorescent, with the lantern-fish, who carry their own hurricane-lamps, in the van, like the coachmen in the Lord Mayor's Show. The reader of "Half-a-Mile-Down" feels, as he sinks and sinks, like one who should confront a tall, stratified cliff with layers recording "The Story of the Rocks."

The world in that book of Mr. Beebe's becomes three-dimensional. Mr. Beebe's exhilarating fellow-countryman, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, wrote:

There is far more sea than land,
As sailors understand.

But even Lindsay was thinking only of the surface. I, dear reader (a Victorian location, but most people are likable, so that I don't mind using it), am, as I write, looking over a village green. On Saturday the Fair was here, with all sorts of shies, and try 'ems, and an electrically-lit merry-go-round which announced itself as a "Champion Electric Stud." The concourse was

numerous, and I watched it with delight: but I gave no thought to the life that was going its way in the ground underneath. But, reminded by this anthology of the diving book by Mr. Beebe I cannot forget the first impression he made on me. His observations haunted me. There is "far more sea than land," and while we are going about our tidy terrestrial daily lives, or sailing the sea's surface, these piscine and molluscine brethren of ours, in their billions, are swimming about in their swarms, some with lamp-posts on their noses, in the "dark, unfathomed caves of ocean." Miss Phyllis Carson, in her fascinating "The Sea Around Us," envisaged with her imagination the things which Beebe saw with his own eyes.

That book attracted wide attention, because Beebe, apart from contributing to our knowledge



THE HEAD OF A HOATZIN: A BIRD WITH STRANGE CLAWED WING-TIPS.



A CAHOW: A SPECIES THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION.

These two illustrations reproduced from the book "Adventuring with Beebe"; by courtesy of the publishers, The Bodley Head.

of natural history, had been a pioneer explorer who had, in his novel development of the diving-bell, sunk deeper into the sea than any man before him. I confess that, until the appearance of this anthology, compiled from all his writings, I had no idea how wide and multifarious have been his travels "on business." He has, for instance, done a great deal of surface fishing in the Pacific. His chapters on that introduce us to all sorts of lonely towns and uninhabited islands and also to great albatrosses, very rare small birds, and all sorts of fish. Amongst the latter the most notable, in respect to size, are the whale-sharks. There is a

photograph of one of these on the jacket: he is covered with whitespots and nonchalantly sauntering along, just below the surface, with a harpoon planted in the side. Ultimately he wrenched himself away from it. He was an unusually sizeable example of

that common species, "the one that got away," for he was 35 ft. long. His name, by the way, sounds preposterous, for a whale is a mammal and a shark is a fish, and one can't be both. But, after all, zoological nomenclature is frequently odd. A cockroach is neither a cock nor a roach, an elephant hawk is neither an elephant nor a hawk but a moth, and a ladybird is neither a lady nor a bird but a beetle—though the nursery rhyme wouldn't sound half so pretty if it opened with "Beetle, beetle, fly away home," and children would be very little distressed by the disappearance of the children of a beetle, whom they would, quite wrongly, identify with a cockroach.

Mr. Beebe, during a prolonged stay in Bermuda, observed not merely the fishes but the landscape and the birds. Amongst these were the last of the cahows, small petrels which cry plaintively in the night. One William Strachy first recorded them in 1610, when he wrote: "I have beene at the taking of three hundred in an houre, and wee might have laden our Boates. Our men found a prettie way to take them, which was by standing on the Rockes or Sands by the Sea side, and hollowing, laughing, and making the strangest outcry that possibly they could; with the noyse whereof the Birds would come flocking to that place, and settle upon the very armes and head of him that so cryed, and still creepe neerer and neerer, answering the noyse themselves: by which our men would weigh them with their hand, and which weighed heaviest they tooke for the best, and let the others alone, and so our men would take twentie dozen in two houres of the chiefest of them: and they were a good and well-relished Fowle, fat and full as a partridge."

The outcome of human beings' "prettie ways" of "taking" wild things which seem to be not merely edible, but inexhaustibly plentiful, like the North American buffalo and the passenger-pigeon, one accidentally surviving in a late-discovered pocket, the other completely gone, seems always to be extinction or near-extinction, with perhaps a deathbed (the deathbed being the animal's) repentance on the part of man, and a desire to revive what he has destroyed. Mr. Beebe is driven to write: "And now tonight in the late evening of June 7, 1931, three hundred and twenty-one years later, I sit, probably within sight of the place where William wrote his excellent account, and there come to my ears the plaintive calls of the last of the cahows. They may cling to their pitiful islet crevices for a few more years, for collecting ornithologists are rare in Bermuda, laws are strict, caretakers are vigilant, and the difficulty and danger of making a landing on these wave-beaten outer islands is considerable."

I have quoted little from Mr. Beebe, who has carved his way with machetes through the jungles of the Amazon and sought rare butterflies on the lower, and indeed upper, slopes of Kinchingunga. One reason is that the extracts from him are so various that it is difficult to find one representative; another is that his book so fascinated me that I forgot my usual abominable habit of dog's-eating the book for quotations for review.

Perhaps I may be more persuasive if I say that I know quite well what one of my little grandchildren is going to have as a Christmas present.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 80 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: DR. WILLIAM BEEBE.

Dr. William Beebe, who is Director Emeritus of the Department of Tropical Research, New York Zoological Society, is well known for his writings on naturalist subjects. Born in Brooklyn in 1877, he has carried out research in many parts of the world since taking his degree at Columbia University in 1898.

[Photograph by N. C. Owen.]

* "Adventuring with Beebe." Selections from the writings of William Beebe, Director Emeritus, Department of Tropical Research, New York Zoological Society. Illustrated. (Bodley Head; 18s.)

WINNERS AND FINALISTS: SOME RESULTS AT HENLEY REGATTA.



A CLOSE FINISH TO THE FINAL OF THE WYFOLD CUP: THE ROYAL ENGINEERS (FAR SIDE) WINNING BY 4 FT. OVER BROCKVILLE (CANADA).



AN ALL-CAMBRIDGE FINAL: PETERHOUSE (LEFT) BEATING MAGDALENE COLLEGE BY A QUARTER OF A LENGTH, TO WIN THE LADIES' PLATE.



THE FINAL OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH CUP: ETON (LEFT) BEATING ST. PAUL'S BY TWO-THIRDS OF A LENGTH.



AFTER THE FINISH OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS: T. KOCERKA (POLAND, RIGHT) BEING CONGRATULATED BY T. A. FOX (LONDON), WHOM HE HAD BEATEN BY FOUR LENGTHS.



AN AMERICAN VICTORY: PRINCETON UNIVERSITY (NEAR SIDE) WINNING THE FINAL OF THE THAMES CUP BY ONE LENGTH FROM THE R.A.F. CREW. LAST YEAR THIS EVENT WAS ALSO WON BY AN AMERICAN CREW.

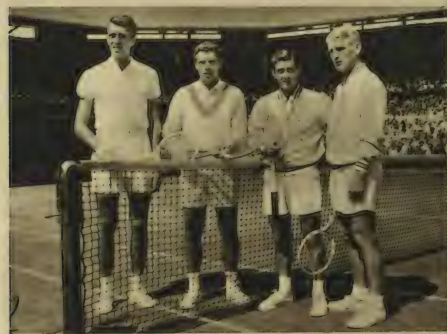


A NOTABLE FRENCH CREW WINNING THE LEADING EVENT OF HENLEY REGATTA: THE FRENCH ARMY BEATING THREE TOWNS (SWEDEN) BY ONE LENGTH IN THE FINAL OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

The finals in this year's Henley Royal Regatta, which were rowed on July 7, confirmed the general opinion that this was far from being an outstanding regatta. As on other days of the regatta, rowing conditions were made somewhat difficult by strong gusts of wind which blew across the course. Thus Brockville (Canada) were probably robbed of victory in the final of the Wyfold Cup because the wind made them hit the booms on several occasions. The outstanding crew of the regatta was the French Army eight, which won the Grand Challenge Cup in an all-foreign final. This crew was also the heaviest

in the regatta, their No. 5, E. Leguery, being the heaviest individual oarsman ever to win at Henley. Last year's winner, T. Kocerka, of Poland, again won the Diamond Sculls, in a very fine race against T. A. Fox (London), who has himself twice won this event. The Stewards Cup was won by Thames, who beat London by $3\frac{1}{2}$ lengths. Another result not illustrated on this page was the victory of Merton College, Oxford, over Magdalene College, Cambridge, by two lengths, in the Visitors' Cup. The Double Sculls went to S. C. Rand and W. H. Rand (R.A.F.), who beat J. Marsden and D. V. Melvin by $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths.

THE WIMBLEDON LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1956: THE NEW TITLE HOLDERS



FINALISTS IN THE MEN'S DOUBLES: THE VICTORS, K. R. ROSEWALL AND L. A. HOAD (RIGHT), AND (LEFT) O. SIROLA AND N. PIETRANGELI, OF ITALY.

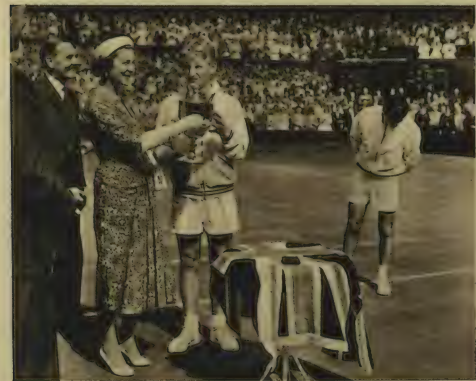


DURING THE DOUBLES FINAL: HOAD AND ROSEWALL, AT NEAR END, WHOSE VICTORY IS THE SEVENTH AUSTRALIAN WIN IN SUCCESSION IN THIS EVENT.



(Left.) A GLORIOUS WIMBLEDON FINAL: LEW HOAD, NEARER THE CAMERA, DURING THE GREAT FINAL OF THE MEN'S SINGLES IN WHICH HE DEFEATED HIS COMPATRIOT K. R. ROSEWALL.

(Right.) A GREAT AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION: LEW HOAD, WITH THE TROPHY, PRESENTED BY THE DUCHESS OF KENT, AFTER HIS VICTORY IN THE FINAL OF THE MEN'S SINGLES.



PRESENTING THE TROPHY: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT PRESENTING THE TROPHY TO THE NEW SINGLES CHAMPION, L. A. HOAD. K. R. ROSEWALL STANDS BEHIND.

This year's Wimbledon has been called enthralling but not "vintage," but whatever the verdict, there was much thrilling tennis played, and, supported by a total of over a quarter of a million spectators—with many more watching on television—Wimbledon remains the splendid institution it has always been. The first great climax of the tournament came last Friday when the two Australians, Lew Hoad and K. R. Rosewall, fought the final of the Men's



AN UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT: VICTOR SEIXAS QUERVING THE DECISION OF A LINESMAN DURING HIS MATCH AGAINST K. R. ROSEWALL, OF AUSTRALIA, WHICH HE LOST.

Singles. After his victory, in which the score was 6-2, 4-6, 7-5, 6-4, Hoad announced that he did not intend to turn professional for some time yet, so that more of his brilliant play will almost certainly be seen by the appreciative spectators at Wimbledon in the next few years. Present to see his masterly victory were Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent, who, as president of the All England Club, presented the trophy, and the Prime

AND SCENES DURING THE CRITICAL MATCHES OF THE LAST STRENUOUS DAYS.



THE WOMEN'S DOUBLES FINAL: L. TO R., MISS D. G. SEENEY AND MISS F. MULLER, OF AUSTRALIA, AND THE VICTORS, MISS A. BUXTON, G.B., AND MISS A. GIBSON, U.S.



VICTORS AND VANQUISHED: AFTER THE FINAL OF THE WOMEN'S DOUBLES MISS BUXTON AND MISS GIBSON WALK CHEERFULLY OFF THE COURT WITH THEIR OPPONENTS.



(Left.) AFTER HER VICTORY: MISS SHIRLEY FRY, OF THE UNITED STATES, HOLDING THE TROPHY AFTER WINNING THE WOMEN'S SINGLES. SHE DEFEATED MISS BUXTON, G.B., 6-3, 6-1.

(Right.) DURING HER DECISIVE VICTORY IN THE FINAL OF THE WOMEN'S SINGLES: MISS SHIRLEY FRY, NEARER THE CAMERA, AND MISS A. BUXTON AT THE FURTHER END.



DURING THEIR SEMI-FINAL: MISS BUXTON, G.B., WITH BOTH FEET IN THE AIR, WITH MISS GIBSON, U.S., IN THEIR MATCH AGAINST MISS FRY AND MISS BROUGH, U.S.

Ministers of Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand. Both Australians are no more than twenty-one years old and had been seeded appropriately Nos. 1 and 2. The final of the Women's Singles was played on Saturday, when Miss Shirley Fry defeated the only English player to reach the final since 1939, Miss A. Buxton, by 6-3, 6-1. This was Miss Fry's ninth attempt at the title, and it is the thirteenth time in succession it has been



A HANDSHAKE FROM THE TITLE HOLDER: MISS BROUGH, U.S. (RIGHT), AFTER BEING DEFEATED BY MISS FRY, U.S. (LEFT), WHO WENT ON TO WIN THE TITLE.

won by an American. The Mixed Doubles were won by Miss Fry also, with her compatriot, Victor Seixas. The Men's Doubles were won by Hoad and Rosewall—the seventh year running Australia has taken this title. The Women's Doubles were won by Miss A. Buxton, Great Britain, and Miss Althea Gibson, U.S., who beat Miss D. G. Seeney and Miss F. Muller, of Australia, in straight sets, 6-1, 8-6.

THE revolutionary riots in Poznan took place under the eyes of more Western observers than have visited the city for a very long time. They were able to move about more or less as they would, which is itself a novelty in such circumstances. They have sent reports and photographs. And yet there are some puzzling features. It is easy enough to realise how a peaceful demonstration turned into rioting, but not so easy to explain how arms appeared so quickly and so plentifully. Accounts of where they came from are conflicting; some say from the troops, others from factory guards. What is abundantly clear is that the affair is of the highest significance. Whatever else it may be, it is a stirring of the spirit of freedom.

It is not the first since Soviet Russia communised Eastern Europe, or even since the death of Stalin. We know little enough about what happened in Tiflis or about the revolt in a Russian prison camp. We know a great deal about what happened in East Berlin in 1953. Tiflis may appear more startling than Poznan, but, though the trouble in the former case was in the U.S.S.R. itself, it was probably connected chiefly with the political situation of the moment, whereas the revolt in Poznan looks more deeply rooted. The demonstration, if not the resort to arms, had clearly been prepared in advance to coincide with the trade fair in the city, so that the world should see as much of it as possible. It is none the less obvious that the Polish authorities were taken by surprise. The other three incidents of which I have spoken were also marked by surprise.

This generation talks easily of "Poznan." I still think of it as "Posen." It is a likely place for trouble under Russian domination. Once a Prussian fortress city, it retains in its population some German blood, though always a Polish community. It is also a stronghold of Catholicism, a faith which has firmly and consistently opposed Communism. Finally, Poznan has become industrialised on a considerable scale and its industrial labour has been ill paid. The Poles have not taken kindly to Russian overlordship, exploitation, and repression. Of all the peoples brought under Communist sway after the Second World War, they were the most scurvily treated and the most deeply betrayed, and this is saying a good deal.

One can, I think, note three features which stand out in the incident. In the first place, the demonstration was favoured by a certain easing in public control. This has been observed in many places, including Moscow. The second feature is that of low wages; to a great extent hunger pure and simple. The third feature is political: resentment of Poland's fate as a Russian satellite, the anger of a people in whom the spirit of nationality and freedom has never died in long years of subordination to foreign rule, broken only by a generation of independence. In the streets men and women cried out for bread and demanded that the Russian should go. The combination of hunger and national frustration is always a strong one, most of all when rigid control by a police State has been lifted even to a paltry extent.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE GLOW BENEATH THE ASHES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

According to reports which sometimes conflict on points of detail, the chain of events was roughly as follows. The start was an industrial demonstration. One photograph which has been published shows young women as well as men in a marching column which might have been one of strikers marching along Oxford Street to Hyde Park. On some signs that it might get out of hand, troops were brought out, but at first they were friendly. Germans and Britons heard them joking with the marchers. Then came the obscure stage. Did some of the soldiers hand over their arms to

because the throng was so vast that, in a sedate phase of the aggressive and successful Lancashire batting, my thoughts turned to that other throng and I tried to think out what I would write about it. My first impression was one of sympathy and sadness.

If this affair had to take place, I felt that it should have been later on. It was untimely. The gesture might have been better rewarded for its heavy sacrifice in life and limb if resentment had had time to organise itself more fully. And yet the future may prove that the effort was not wasted. At the time of writing it is not possible to foresee the Russian reaction. And it is the Russian reaction which will count, not that of the Polish Communist Government, and even the latter's policy cannot be estimated by its fulminations against "foreign imperialist centres" and "criminal provocateurs" or by the way in which the troops were used. Even if it meant to

relax the severity of its rule, it would obviously restore order with a rough hand.

The Soviet Government may decide to take the incident in its stride and not allow it to interrupt the development of the rather more liberal policy which it has inaugurated at home and invited the Governments of the satellite countries to copy. This would be both a sign of strength and a step likely to make the democracies believe that the Soviet leaders meant what they had been saying. They may opt for a phase of repression. No doubts or speculations would arise about the significance of the latter programme. While the former might have a sinister background, this would be obviously sinister from every angle. It would mean that they had misinterpreted opinion, that their protestations of reform had been disbelieved, and that there was nothing for it but to fall back on the expedient of police terrorism.

The pundits scoff at the notion that Communism may change and grow milder. Theoretically they are right, but I am not quite sure that fact must coincide with theory. What does appear certain is that Communism cannot undergo a radical change abruptly, and still less can a Communist Government be dissolved, without the employment of force. We cannot, therefore, hope that any country under Communist rule will achieve rapid liberation. In the present case, as I have suggested, there may be a worsening rather than an amelioration of the fate of Poland and

other Communist-dominated countries.

The stirring of freedom in chains is, however, welcome as proof of the liveliness of the sentiment where it has been most heavily repressed by exterior overlords and most woefully betrayed by home-bred tyrants. Even the rattle of the chains carries a message of hope. It is not unhappily true, as we used to proclaim, that freedom must prevail. Some believe that the world is faced with the prospect of an extension of authoritarian dragooning of mind and body. I do not admit that this is inevitable. I still hope that events in Poznan may be a sign that liberty can not only struggle, but can do so with success.



ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE POZNAN RIOTS ON JUNE 28: BAREHEADED CROWDS WATCH THE POLISH PRE-COMMUNIST FLAG BEING HOISTED OVER THE TOWN HALL. CAPTAIN FALLS WRITES ABOUT THE RIOTS IN HIS ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE.

On June 28, riots broke out in Poznan, the Polish industrial city some 175 miles west of Warsaw. At the time an international trade fair was being held in the city, and the outbreak was witnessed by a number of foreign observers. The demonstrators against Communist oppression suffered heavy casualties and order was restored by the following day. Further photographs of the riots appeared in our issue of July 7.

marchers, as certain reports allege? Did political revolutionaries see a good opportunity and bring out secreted arms? Was the powder sparked by troops firing into the thick of the crowd and killing a number of children? At all events, the next and last stage was one of fierce street fighting.

On June 30 I sat in a large crowd, in a place the name of which smelt of old repression by an aristocratic caste. I was amid a throng of Social Democrats with a thick sprinkling of kulaks and deviationists, all watching the return to the arena of a popular youth leader in sport. The scene was, in fact, Lord's, and the cynosure of neighbouring eyes was Denis Compton. It was perhaps

THE SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO.



A TRIBUTE TO THE VICTORIA CROSS: R.A.F. DRILL SQUADS FORMING A CROSS AND THE LETTERS "V" AND "C" AT THE WHITE CITY SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO.



ANOTHER V.C. TRIBUTE: THE SCOTS GUARDS RE-ENACT THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA, IN WHICH, AS SCOTS FUSILIER GUARDS, THEY WON THREE V.C.s.



AN IMAGINARY KIDNAPPING SCENE ON A MEDITERRANEAN ISLAND, IN WHICH A HELICOPTER AND A MERCEDES WHICH ONCE BELONGED TO GOERING PLAY THEIR PART IN THE DRAMA.

The Searchlight Tattoo, in which 2000 performers from the three Services took part, was staged this year at the White City on July 3-7; and was organised by, and in aid of, the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association and the Officers' Branch of S.S.A.F.A. The opening performance was honoured by the attendance of Princess Margaret. The theme of the Tattoo was the Victoria Cross; and the centrepiece was a re-enactment of the Battle of the Alma. The other principal items of the programme were: the massed bands of the Parachute Brigade, a tent-pegging display by the Royal Military Police, a display by the 751st U.S. Air Force Band, a musical drive by the King's Troop, R.H.A., an R.A.F. drill display, a musical ride by the R.A.S.C., massed bands with pipes and dancers, and the sunset ceremony of the massed bands of the Royal Marines.

FIGHTING THE CYPRUS TERRORISTS.

On July 2 a bomb was thrown at a military vehicle in the village of Komatou Yialou, which injured the driver and his companion and also killed a twelve-year-old Greek Cypriot boy who was standing near. One of the wounded Servicemen shot and killed a Cypriot youth who was running away and twice refused to halt. On July 8 a British Customs official and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Garth Kaberry, were shot dead by terrorists in their car near Famagusta while on their way to the coast for a picnic. Their car was halted at a road block and the terrorists used automatic weapons and shotguns, also throwing three bombs, two of which failed to explode. Mrs. Kaberry was killed instantly and is the first British woman to be murdered since the terrorist campaign began. Mr. Kaberry died on the way to hospital. On the same day a British soldier was shot.



AFTER A TERRORIST BOMB-THROWING, IN WHICH A GREEK CYPRIOT CHILD (CENTRE FOREGROUND) WAS KILLED: BRITISH TROOPS SEARCHING SUSPECTS.



A BRITISH POLICE DOG TAKING PART IN A SEARCH OF A NICOSIA CEMETERY, IN WHICH THREE GREEK YOUTHS, ONE ARMED, HAD BEEN FOUND.



A SEARCH OF A NICOSIA CEMETERY WHICH WAS CONDUCTED BY TROOPS IN THE PRESENCE OF A GREEK AND A BRITISH PRIEST. A PISTOL AND SOME ROUNDS OF AMMUNITION WERE FOUND.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND: HISTORIC AND NOBLE OCCASIONS IN AYRSHIRE AND EDINBURGH.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH INSPECTING THE QUEEN'S PRIZE FOR ARCHERY; AND THE EDINBURGH ARROW.



HER MAJESTY WALKING ACROSS THE LAWN OF HOLYROODHOUSE AFTER RECEIVING A GOLD AND DIAMOND BROOCH IN THE FORM OF THE EAGLE BADGE, FROM THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS.



THE QUEEN WATCHING THE SIXTH END, AS HER BODYGUARD FOR SCOTLAND, THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS, SHOT FOR THE EDINBURGH ARROW—WHICH WAS WON BY MAJOR GAMMELL.



WATCHING HER ARCHERS: THE QUEEN, WITH BEHIND HER THE EARL OF STAIR.



THE QUEEN VISITS AYRSHIRE—IN WHAT IS BELIEVED THE FIRST OFFICIAL TOUR OF THE COUNTY FOR 400 YEARS OR MORE: THE ROYAL CAR DRAWING UP AT BURNS' COTTAGE IN ALLOWAY, ON JULY 3.



AT THE CEREMONY WHEN SHE OPENED THE NEW LAND: THE QUEEN RECEIVING THE GIFT OF A BOOK.



BUILDING OF THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, IN THE BLACK AND GOLD GOWN OF CHANCELLOR OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY, SPEAKING IN THE MCEWAN HALL, WHEN HE 'CAPPED' FIFTEEN RECIPIENTS OF HONORARY DEGREES.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, IN THE BLACK AND GOLD GOWN OF CHANCELLOR OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY, SPEAKING IN THE MCEWAN HALL, WHEN HE 'CAPPED' FIFTEEN RECIPIENTS OF HONORARY DEGREES.



ON THE LAWN OF HOLYROODHOUSE: QUEEN ELIZABETH PRESENTING A NEW GUIDON TO THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS, INSPECTING THE REGIMENT BEFORE SHE PRESENTED THEM WITH A NEW GUIDON ON JULY 5.

We illustrate on these pages some of the highlights of the visit recently paid to Scotland by H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. The visit began on June 3, when the Queen, after being joined at Troon by the Duke of Edinburgh (who had been taking part in the Royal Clyde Yacht Club regatta), entered on a tour of Ayrshire, which is believed to be the first official Royal

visit to the county for 400 years or more. In the evening they left for Edinburgh. On July 4 the principal events were the Queen's opening of the new building of the National Library of Scotland and the archery contest of the Queen's Bodyguard for Scotland. On July 5 the Queen presented a new guidon to The Royal Scots Greys, of whom she is Colonel-in-Chief, at the



AFTER INSTALLING TWO NEW KNIGHTS OF THE THISTLE: HER MAJESTY, IN THE ROBES OF THE ORDER, LEAVING ST. GILES', FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, ALSO IN ROBES.



ARRIVING FOR THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS BALL: THE QUEEN WITH BRIGADIER G. H. N. TODD.

Palace of Holyroodhouse, while the Duke of Edinburgh attended the English-Speaking Union luncheon. In the afternoon there was a presentation party at Holyroodhouse; and in the evening the Ball of The Royal Scots Greys, which the Queen attended. On July 6 the Duke of Edinburgh presided at the graduation ceremony of the University of Edinburgh; there was a

garden-party at Holyroodhouse; and in the evening the Queen and the Duke attended a dinner given by the Faculty of Advocates. On July 7 the Queen toured Berwickshire and East Lothian, visiting eight townships, and on July 8, after installing two new Knights of the Thistle, attended morning service at St. Giles' and left Scotland in the evening.



A SPLENDID SPECTACLE AT TORBAY ON JULY 7: SOME OF THE LARGER COMPETITORS AT THE START OF THE TORBAY-LISBON INTERNATIONAL RACE FOR SAIL TRAINING-SHIPS.

Visitors to Torbay on the afternoon of July 7 saw this splendid spectacle of some of the twelve vessels in the over-100-ton class at the start of the first International Sail Training-Ship Race. Unfortunately, the early phases of the race were marred by unfavourable weather. This impressive armada

of sailing-vessels—there were twenty-two in all—was hampered by dense fog and by the lack of sufficient wind to enable a good speed to be achieved. At the start a host of varied craft followed the ships. Some of these may be seen in this photograph, which shows on the right *Creole*, a staysail

schooner of 697 tons manned by British naval cadets, and lent for the race by Mr. Stavros Niarchos, the shipowner. At the time of writing, *Creole* was reported to be in the lead and to have shaken off the dense fog. Among the other vessels are (in the centre background) the *Flying Clipper* (659 tons,

and entered by Sweden), and one of the two Norwegian entries, the 577-ton *Sorlandet* (right). The race, which is expected to last between five and eight days, will finish at the mouth of the Tagus. Photographs of a number of the vessels and further details about them appeared in our issue of June 30.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.



ON AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO BRITAIN: SHEIKH ABDULLAH AS-SABAH.

Sheikh Abdullah el Kabir as-Sabah, a cousin of the Ruler of Kuwait, has been on a visit to this country from July 5 to 14 as a guest of the British Government. The Sheikh is in charge of education and justice in Kuwait. He is reputed to be a keen gardener.



SUDAN'S NEW PRIME MINISTER: SAYED ABDULLAH KHALIL.

On July 5 the Sudan House of Representatives elected Sayed Abdullah Khalil, Secretary-General of the Umma Party, as Prime Minister. He succeeds Ismail el Azhari, who has been Prime Minister since 1954, and who was defeated on a vote of confidence by 60 votes to 31.



WINNER OF THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE THIRD TIME: PETER THOMSON.

On July 6 Peter Thomson, the twenty-six-year-old Australian, won the Open Golf Championship for the third time in succession, with a score of 286, at Hoylake. The runner-up was Van Donck, of Belgium, with 289 and third was the Argentinian R. de Vicenzo, with 290.

PEOPLE AND OCCASIONS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



METHODIST PRESIDENT-DESIGNATE: THE REV. DR. HAROLD ROBERTS.

On the opening day of this year's Methodist Conference at Leeds the Rev. Dr. Harold Roberts, Principal of Richmond College, Surrey, was named president-designate for the 1957 Methodist Conference. He has been Minister at Liverpool, Oxford and Ipswich.



B.O.A.C.'S NEW CHIEF OF FLIGHT OPERATIONS: CAPTAIN JAMES WEIR.

On July 4 Captain James Weir was appointed the new Chief of Flight Operations to British Overseas Airways, becoming responsible to the managing director, Mr. B. Smallpeice, for the management of flying staff and operations. He has flown some 1,500,000 miles.



THEIR FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE SINCE THEIR WEDDING: PRINCE RAINIER AND PRINCESS GRACE. On July 4 Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco made their first appearance in public since their wedding when they attended an American Independence Day Mass in Monaco Cathedral. They are seen here leaving the Cathedral after the service.



RESUMING HIS DUTIES IN CYPRUS: MR. JUSTICE BERNARD SHAW.

On July 5, eleven days after two Cyprus terrorists had attempted to assassinate him, wounding him in the neck and head, Mr. Justice Shaw resumed his duties as Senior Puisne Judge in Cyprus. He resumed the case against two youths accused of bomb-throwing, who were acquitted owing to lack of evidence.



NATIONAL COAL BOARD APPOINTMENT: MR. H. E. COLLINS.

The National Coal Board announced on July 3 that a new reconstruction department would be set up at headquarters, and that Mr. H. E. Collins, Production Director, Durham Division, was appointed Director-General of Reconstruction. He has been chairman of the Combined Coal Control Group for Germany.



DURING HIS EXILE IN THE SEYCHELLES ISLANDS: ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS, OF CYPRUS.

Our photograph of Archbishop Makarios was taken recently at the country residence where he and his colleagues, who were deported with him by the British Government for their part in the anti-British unrest in Cyprus, are living under observation on the Seychelles Islands, in the Indian Ocean.



THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH—THE ETON XI: (STANDING, L. TO R.) T. D. BARBER, R. A. NOVIS, G. E. D. McL. PEARSON, E. G. R. SCOTT, W. G. CLEGG, M. L. DUNNING; (SITTING) E. J. LANE-FOX, S. DOUGLAS-PENNANT, IAN A. C. SINCLAIR (CAPTAIN), H. C. BLOFELD, A. R. B. BURROWS.

At Lord's last year Eton had an exciting victory by 38 runs over Harrow, and there must have been much speculation about this year's match (July 13-14). Both teams have a number of staunch, seasoned players who played in the match last year, and the records of the two



THE HARROW SIDE: FROM (STANDING, L. TO R.) F. E. R. BUTLER, A. S. R. DE W. WINLAW, J. D. C. VARGAS, M. L. MAYDON, R. F. C. WEBSTER, LORD DUNDAS; (SITTING) L. J. CHAMPNISS, G. D. MASSY, JAMES M. PARKER (CAPTAIN), R. S. MILLER, A. B. CABLE, AND (ON GROUND) R. F. S. MILES.

teams this season make an interesting comparison and are as follows: Eton have beaten Marlborough, lost to Charterhouse and drawn with Wellington and Winchester; Harrow have beaten Charterhouse, drawn with Wellington and Winchester, and lost to Malvern.

LAND, SEA, AND AIR NEWS FROM LONDON, AMERICA AND THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.



THE PROBLEM FACING THE SWISS MOUNTAINEERS WHO WERE TO ASSIST A SEARCH-PARTY IN REACHING THE WRECKAGE OF THE D.C.7 AIRLINER IN THE GRAND CANYON. On June 30 two U.S. airliners crashed, after a collision, it is believed, in the Grand Canyon with a total loss of life of 128 persons, there being no survivors. A search-party was able to reach the wreckage of the T.W.A. *Super Constellation*, but by July 3 the other, a United Air Lines D.C.7, was still inaccessible. Swiss mountaineers volunteered to assist, following the route shown by the dotted line. In the ring is a searching aircraft.



THE CITY OF LONDON'S NEW LOOK: A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE TOP OF ST. PAUL'S, LOOKING EASTWARDS, TO SHOW THE CURRENT BUILDING ACTIVITY. This photograph, taken early this month, gives some idea of the number and size of new office blocks which have risen and are rising in the City—new blocks, excavations and huge metal frameworks. In the distance, the Monument, Tower Bridge and Cannon Street station can all be distinguished.



AFTER HER COLLISION WITH A NEW LIBERIAN SHIP, THE FRENCH CARGO VESSEL *DIONE* (2613 tons) BEING TOWED STERN FIRST TOWARDS CALAIS ON JULY 8. On July 8 the French ship *Dione* came into collision in the fog in the Channel with a new Liberian ship *Michael C.* (8000 tons) which was on her trials. The two ships were locked together and were drifting towards the Goodwin Sands helplessly when the British tug *Lady Brassey* took the French ship in tow. The *Michael C.* proceeded under her own steam. There were no casualties.



A PATTERN OF EXPLOSION AS A U.S. NAVY RESEARCH ROCKET, THE *AEROBEE H-1*, RISES FROM ITS LAUNCHING TOWER IN NEW MEXICO, ON JUNE 29. IT IS STATED TO HAVE REACHED A HEIGHT OF 163 MILES ABOVE EARTH AND TO HAVE SET A NEW ALTITUDE RECORD FOR A U.S.-BUILT BOOSTED ROCKET.

ROYAL OCCASIONS IN HOLLAND AND LONDON; NEWS ITEMS FROM GERMANY.



AS THE RUSSIANS HANDED IT OVER: THE WRECKAGE INSIDE THE FORMER RUSSIAN RADIO STATION, IN THE BRITISH SECTOR OF BERLIN. On July 5 the former Russian Radio Station, in the British Sector of Berlin, was formally handed over to the West Berlin authorities. The station was found to be a mere shell and completely ruined inside.



SOME OF THE SMASHED EQUIPMENT IN THE TRANSMITTER ROOM OF THE FORMER RUSSIAN RADIO STATION IN BERLIN.



A "DUMB POLICEMAN" IN HAMBURG: ONE OF THE NEW POLICE CALL BOXES INSTALLED IN HAMBURG STREETS. THE CALLER IS IN IMMEDIATE TOUCH WITH THE CENTRAL POLICE STATION.



TRAFFIC CONTROL BY HELICOPTER: A GERMAN POLICE HELICOPTER IN OPERATION OVER AN AUTOBAHN IN NORTH-RHINE WESTPHALIA. THESE HELICOPTERS ARE IN RADIO COMMUNICATION WITH SQUAD CARS.



DURING HER FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT TO AMSTERDAM, THE DUTCH CAPITAL: PRINCESS BEATRIX WITH HER PARENTS, QUEEN JULIANA AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS. On July 1 Princess Beatrix, Crown Princess of the Netherlands, accompanied her parents, Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard, on what was her first official visit to the Dutch capital, Amsterdam. Princess Beatrix and her father are looking at a charter installing the Princess as patroness of a student organisation.



THE OPENING OF THE S.S.A.F.A. TATTOO AT THE WHITE CITY: PRINCESS MARGARET, RECEIVED BY LORD AND LADY MOUNTBATTEN. On July 3 Princess Margaret attended the opening performance of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association Tattoo at the White City Stadium, London. One of the displays marks the V.C. centenary.



DURING A DISPLAY AT ODIHAM, HAMPSHIRE: FOUR GLOSTER JAVELIN MARK 1 ALL-WEATHER DELTA-WING FIGHTERS OF NO. 46 SQUADRON, THE FIRST R.A.F. UNIT TO HAVE THESE PLANES. No. 46 Squadron, R.A.F., the first unit to be equipped with these planes, gave a demonstration on July 2 with their Gloster Javelin Mark 1 all-weather delta-wing fighters. Despite a long period of development this is the first delta-wing aircraft to be put into service with any air force.

AERIAL NEWS: A SCOTS CEREMONY AND SCHOOLBOY ARCHÆOLOGY.



NEW AIRCRAFT FOR THE R.A.F.: FOUR OF THE GLOSTER JAVELIN FIGHTERS SEEN FROM BELOW AT THE DISPLAY AT ODIHAM ON JULY 2.

(RIGHT.) AN IMPRESSIVE EDINBURGH CEREMONY FOR THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS: TROPHIES OF WATERLOO ARE HANDED OVER FOR LAYING UP IN THE SCOTTISH UNITED SERVICES MUSEUM.

On July 7, in a ceremony at Edinburgh Castle, the Colonel of The Royal Scots Greys, Brigadier G. H. N. Todd, asked the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, Lieut.-General Sir Horatius Murray, to accept "the most valuable of the regiment's trophies" for safe-keeping in the Scottish United Services Museum. These were the French Eagle and Standard, captured by Sergeant Charles Ewart, of the Greys, at the Battle of Waterloo, on June 18, 1815.



TO DEADEN THE TREMENDOUS NOISE OF JET ENGINES: A NEW TYPE OF MOBILE SILENCER IN USE AT THE VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS AIRFIELD AT BROOKLANDS. The problem of silencing the tremendous noise of jet engines while warming up on the ground has been further solved by this new mobile silencer, which has successfully been undergoing tests. It is mounted on a chassis with aircraft wheels and is seen here in operation on a Vickers Valiant bomber, during a demonstration at the airfield at Brooklands, near Weybridge.



SCHOOLBOY ARCHÆOLOGISTS: BOYS OF THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL AT WORK ON THE REMAINS OF A ROMAN HOUSE ON MOOR PARK GOLF COURSE. As at many of our public schools there is a flourishing Archæological Society at the Merchant Taylors' School, Northwood. Recently members of the society have been uncovering the remains of a Roman house or lookout post which has been discovered on a hill in the Moor Park golf course. Some coins and other objects have been found.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

AROUND THE YARD.

By J. C. TREWIN.

SOMEBODY was saying to me the other day that Scotland Yard, in the theatre, had never been the same since Wallace died. Agreed. To a playgoer still mercifully unacquainted with the alarming place, this sounds reasonable. Edgar Wallace may have heightened the C.I.D. for his own purposes in the everlasting stage game of cops and robbers. Even so, no one has played in the Yard as he did: too often now we view through a haze of disbelief what seems to be a fantastic world.

It says a great deal for the dramatists of "Night of the Fourth" (Westminster) that we find ourselves believing what goes on in the Yard scenes. These alternate—it is a highly symmetrical piece—with scenes in Wimpole Street. After all, it cannot be every day—not more, perhaps, than twice a month—that a Scotland Yard superintendent, probing a murder, observes that the evidence points to himself. Missing cuff-link (how many of these links are there in the Black Museum of the Drama?), finger-prints, blood-test: everything indicates that he should detain himself and charge himself as soon as possible, and without teasing fuss.

Here's a how-d'ye-do. But Scotland Yard is quite used to it. Always, too, it realises that it has not suffered alone. Throughout the Drama the constabulary, the watch, call it what you wish, has endured the sharpest libel, borne it with a patient shrug. I have just returned from a Stratford-upon-Avon "Love's Labour's Lost" (more of it next week) in which Constable Dull is a minor Dogberry, speaking now and then in the true voice: thus, "I myself reprehend his own person." Later, when he becomes a party to that deliriously solemn debate by Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Armado, Dull replies to the schoolmaster's "Thou hast spoken no word all this while" with the stolid candour (we almost love the fellow for it) of "Nor understood none either, sir."

I have no need to run through the crime register. We know our Dogberry and what has derived from him. We know, too, those private inquiry agents who used to show up the Yard by their preposterously accurate deduction. Every Holmes has to have his Lestrade: manifestly unfair because the author is able and willing to rig the cards, and to line the free-lance's sleeve with kings and aces.

There it is. But we can say of "Night of the Fourth," which Jack Roffey and Gordon Harbord have based cunningly on a German play, that these dramatists show the Yard to be efficient. Superintendent Roberts, acted with the suitable "distraction in 's aspect" by Hugh Sinclair, is tracking himself down ruthlessly. We are sure that he will not escape himself, and that one part of his mind will have a high old time in revealing what the other half has done.

Occasionally it does get a shade Gilbertian. We remember the Lord Chancellor pleading with himself, adding that he yields to no one in admiration for his private and professional virtues, and distinctly perceiving a tear that glistens in his own eye. No matter: the strains of "Iolanthe" fade: we soon lose ourselves in what a distinguished critic now calls, and rightly, a puzzler—one genuinely and legitimately mystifying. Better to use "puzzler" than "thriller," which I have long held cheapens the word "thrill," so potent in its original Elizabethan sense. Remember only Juliet's "I have a faint, cold fear thrills through my veins," Falstaff's less serious "Art thou not horrible afraid . . . dost not thy blood thrill at it?" and, most urgently, Claudio's speech about the

"thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice." We are to hear it at Stratford next month, and, I hope, properly accented.

The problem of our new puzzler can be solved in a psychiatrist's consulting-room. It is curious—but, after all, these appositions are frequent in the theatre—that we have just had, successively, a fantastic piece that laughs at psychiatrists and

a play that defends them. One might say, at a venture, that "Night of the Fourth" see-saws between "999" and "99" (a psychiatrist does not disdain that familiar rune). The Scotland Yard superintendent has decided, peevishly, that psychiatry hampers him; its practitioners seek to explain away the deeds of men he believes to be clearly, starkly dangerous. But now, when he appears to his horror to be two people at once, he goes unwillingly to a Wimpole Street consulting-room. And there, unless I am to earn the deathless hatred of people who have yet to see the play, I must leave the plot. Its puzzle is for you. No one likes to be handed, as a night's entertainment, a crossword with all the difficult clues solved.

The play, generally exciting, is directed with vigour, and without elaboration, by Jevan Brandon-Thomas. Besides Hugh Sinclair, we have Walter Rilla as a planet among psychiatrists, Isabel Dean in decorative distress, Michael Shepley at the Yard, and Meier Tzelniker as a barber-patient in the consulting-room. The least likely play can bring fresh information; a scrap I have won from "Night of the Fourth"—I have no idea whether it is genuine—is that the youthful apprentice-barber can learn his trade by lathering and shaving balloons. A nice idea: I hope it is right. Mr. Tzelniker can persuade me of most things, shedding tears as he persuades: at the Westminster his tears flow as usual. Mr. Shepley is my heart's joy. A merit of this immensely likable actor is that, though nearly always the same—superficially at least—he manages invariably to be right: this whether he is Ukridge, crying "Upon my Sam!" (as he has done on radio recently), or some farcical character in waffling good cheer, or (as now) a Scotland Yard inspector. The fellow has a pipe, and, for all I know, may have (off-duty) a stick and a half-bred black-and-tan. Undoubtedly he lives.

Kind, pouchy, twitching, the inspector makes us feel that the Yard is probably a charming place, even though a nasty little microphone may blotch the wall, and, at the drop of a hat, someone will rush in with your thumb-prints. In this piece Mr. Shepley stands for sanity, the good, every-day, steady type, while Mr. Sinclair, edgy with nerves, plagued by doubt, is clearly the other side of the Yard of which we know so little. You cannot imagine what fun they must have as they huddle themselves in corners and accuse themselves on unshakable evidence, every department marshalled to aid.

Scotland Yard is a world unknown to the unfailingly gracious and resourceful county dowager of Miss Ruth Draper at her village fête—bazaar if you like. We are always glad to have the invitation (this time to the St. James's)

to go round the stalls, and to note how discreetly the lady of the manor handles that little business of the gilded bulrushes. Miss Draper, as protean as ever during a full night (which brings back "Three Women and Mr. Clifford"), would certainly puzzle the members of Mr. Nigel Dennis's Identity Club. She slides in and out of fresh personalities without a second's hesitation. Nobody would pin her down if she did not wish to be pinned; she knows the way in and the way out. And I do not doubt that if she felt like it, she would build a Scotland Yard of her own and people it—all in a moment or so, or what Prospero called "with a twink." This redoubtable artist is, shall we say, a champion twinker.



"THIS REDOUBTABLE ARTIST," MISS RUTH DRAPER, VAINLY TRIES TO CATCH THE HEAD WAITER'S EYE IN THE SKETCH "DOCTORS AND DIETS," IN HER CURRENT SEASON AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.



WHEN THE DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDENT NEEDS TO CONSULT A PSYCHIATRIST: A SCENE FROM "NIGHT OF THE FOURTH" AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE. (L. TO R.) MARY DALLAS (ISABEL DEAN), INSPECTOR LEWIS (MICHAEL SHEPLEY), DR. BARTOK (WALTER RILLA) AND SUPERINTENDENT ROBERTS (HUGH SINCLAIR).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"NIGHT OF THE FOURTH" (Westminster).—We do not know until the last few minutes what happened on the night of the Fourth. Our quest for the truth takes us up and down between Scotland Yard and Wimpole Street, between detection and psychiatry; and the dramatists, Jack Roffey and Gordon Harbord, who have adapted the play from the German, manage to sustain the tension. Hugh Sinclair and Walter Rilla lead a highly-practised cast. (June 29.)

RUTH DRAPER (St. James's).—All present and, as ever, magnificently correct. No other director can crowd a stage, and order it, as Miss Draper does in her imagination and ours. (July 2.)

"RICHARD THE SECOND" (Old Vic).—John Neville repeats his moving Richard in a revival of Michael Bentham's production—one of three plays that the Vic is taking on its American tour. (July 3.)

"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—A revival less satisfying to ear than to eye, but with some agreeable passages. Alan Badel as Berowne; Geraldine McEwan as the Princess of France; Mark Dignam as Holofernes, and Harry Andrews as Armado. I will return to this next week. (July 3.)



FROM MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE'S "HOME-MADE" OPERA, "CIRCE": CIRCE (C. F. C. SPENCER BERNARD) INSTRUCTS HER SON, COMUS (R. P. C. PODGER).

A PUBLIC SCHOOL'S "HOME-MADE" OPERA: THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE "CIRCE".



CIRCE REBUKES THE KNEELING LALAGE (N. J. HINTON) FOR CALLING THEIR SACRIFICIAL RITES A MOCKERY.



CIRCE TRIUMPHANT, ABOVE HER CAVE; ON THE RIGHT, HER SON COMUS; AND, BELOW, THE WRETCHED SAILORS OF ULYSSES TRANSFORMED INTO BEASTS.



COMUS (IN FRONT OF THE CAVE) PROPOSES A TOAST TO ULYSSES (P. H. ADDENBROOKE) IN PLUMED HELMET. CIRCE (CENTRE) WATCHES ULYSSES.



THE ENCHANTRESS'S POWER GONE: CIRCE COMFORTS HER SON COMUS, NOW CHANGED INTO A BEAST, WHILE THE PRIESTESSES LAMENT.



"OH, WHAT A JOY TO LEAP ON TWO FEET AGAIN!": ULYSSES AND HIS MEN CELEBRATE THEIR TRIUMPH WITH A WILD ACROBATIC DANCE.

In the first week-end of July Marlborough College gave performances in their Memorial Hall of "Circe," a home-made two-act opera. The libretto was written by Michael Davis and the music composed by Anthony Smith-Masters, both members of the staff, the production being by Guy Barton under the musical direction of Peter Godfrey. The story of the opera is a lighthearted version of Circe and her conversion of Ulysses' men into swine and their rescue from this predicament; and there are two characters added to give movement to the story—Comus, Circe's son, who usually sings in waltz-time, and Lalage, a priestess under Circe, who "blows the gaff."

There was an off-stage chorus singing in unison or three-part harmony choruses in the vein of Gilbert Murray; and some of the sailors' songs had a flavour of jazz. One of the high points of the opera was a ballad about Polyphemus with a chorus of "O Polyphemus won't see no more, So snap your fingers when you hear him roar!" Another pleasant sailors' song deals with the relief of not being an animal any longer in such lines as "O what a treat to scratch A pink human ear Not a vast hairy flap . . ." The libretto and the music were designed to suit the talent available; and this ambitious enterprise was successfully accomplished and well received.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE R.H.S. DICTIONARY SUPPLEMENT.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

DURING the past week-end I have greatly enjoyed long sessions of desultory browsing through the pages of the

recently published Supplement to the Royal Horticultural Society's "Dictionary of Gardening." It is not the sort of work which I would dare to review in the ordinary sense of the word. It is far too learned and comprehensive a volume for that. All I have attempted so far has been to look up certain plants in which I happen to take a special interest—often and largely to see to what extent I agree with the descriptions given, and occasionally to deplore certain omissions. I have, too, marked down various chapters and sections for full reading and careful study as I find opportunity in the future.

The scope of this Supplement is briefly and concisely indicated on the inside of the dust cover—this Supplement contains lists of recommended varieties of Flowers, Fruits and Vegetables, each in its own section. In addition to these lists of varieties, over 200 pages are devoted to corrections to the Main Work, and to new articles on subjects which were either omitted from the Main Work or have developed since its publication so far as to need fresh treatment, special emphasis being given to the field of Pest Control.

It is proposed to keep the Main Work up to date, until such time as it is possible to reset it, by revising and re-issuing the Supplement at intervals of about five years.

As explained in the Editor's Preface and Acknowledgements, the lists in Part I of the Supplement are not intended to be complete lists of all the varieties of any particular plant which may be available. The lists have been drawn up by sub-committees or representatives nominated by the Society's Floral Committees, or the Specialist Societies concerned with the particular flowers, and may be regarded, therefore, as representing the considered recommendations of those who have studied or specialised in these particular plants. When one reads the impressive list of names of those specialists who have given their services in the important work of compiling these lists, it becomes abundantly clear that here is the last word in reliability, the Supreme Court in which to check up on the fascinating but occasionally somewhat extravagant claims and descriptions to be found in even the best of trade catalogues.

The International Code of Nomenclature for Cultivated Plants is reprinted in Part II of this Supplement, but it is explained in the Editor's Preface that "this Code is subject to revision at each International Horticultural Congress, and the text as here given is that published in the Report of the 13th Congress held in 1952. But owing to the fact that the term variety is still so widely used in horticulture to designate those forms referred to as 'cultivars' in the Code, and owing to the fact that a large part of the Supplement had been compiled before the publication of this Code, the use of the term variety has been retained throughout." For that concession I offer up profound and heartfelt thanks. The term "cultivar" is one of those hybrid or, let us say, bastard words which may be permissible in, say, the hosiery trade, as, for instance, Kumfsox, or Ritzypants, but in gardening, no. "Cultivar" was, I understand, coined to indicate a variety of plant which originated in cultivation as opposed to a variety

which cropped up in nature. But what about hybrids which occurred under cultivation. Are they to be called "cultihybs"? I am not ashamed to proclaim that as a poor, sweaty, die-hard gardener the term "cultivar" causes me to see red—blood-red, so let us be thankful that this horror is omitted from the "Dictionary," at any rate for the time being.

In my desultory browsing through the Supplement I came upon an entry, page 251. "Kerguelen Cabbage, vernacular name for *Pringlea*

antiscorbutica, a cruciferous plant, being without petals and adapted for wind pollination owing to absence of winged insects on Kerguelen Islands." Ever since I was a boy, when I first read somewhere something about the Kerguelen cabbage, the name and the remote existence of this strange plant fascinated me, though never to the point of my dashing off to Kerguelen or Desolation Island to collect it, though

I confess I did once go specially to the Falkland Islands—about as far, I would say, as Kerguelen, to collect another antiscorbutic plant, the so-called Falkland scurvy grass, *Oxalis enneaphylla*. But that, of course, was a garden flower of great beauty. But how and why, I wonder, did the Kerguelen cabbage find its way into the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening"? Hardly, having no petals, as an ornamental flower, and almost certainly not as a gastronomic delicacy, although in habit it is said to resemble closely our ordinary cabbage. Whatever the reason for its inclusion, I was delighted to find my old friend thus honoured, and historically and botanically it is of considerable interest, a species endemic to that remote island, and discovered there by Captain Cook on his first voyage, and used by him as a vegetable.

Among the families to which I turned with interest was Aquilegia. I find *Aquilegia* "Hensol Harebell" given under *A. alpina* as apparently a hybrid of *alpina* and *vulgaris*, and not coming true from seed. That may be the parentage of this stalwart and admirable columbine, though I very much doubt it, and most certainly I would not accuse it of not coming true from seed. I had the pleasure of first distributing it more than twenty years ago, having seen it flowering in a famous Scottish garden and been given a generous quantity of seeds. Among the many thousands of plants of "Hensol Harebell" that I have raised and flowered, I have never had a single specimen which was not unmistakably "Hensol Harebell," with flowers exactly the colour of our wild bluebell—the wild wood hyacinth, with no more variation than could be found among the daisies on a lawn. Some daisies may have rather pinker ray petals than others, and some may be all white, yet one would not say that the daisies on one's lawn have not bred true. Even the true *Aquilegia alpina* varies to a certain extent in nature, sometimes having all blue flowers, and sometimes blue and white. I think it much more probable that "Hensol Harebell" is one of the columbines found in the Alps, which are more or less akin to the true *Aquilegia alpina*, without being quite the real thing. I remember once growing a columbine under the name *A. bertolonii* which greatly resembled "Hensol Harebell." It bred true from seed.

One entry in the Supplement led me back into the main body of the R.H.S. "Dictionary." This was *Aquilegia ecalcarata*, a synonym of *Semi-aquilegia ecalcarata*. I first grew this engaging, mousey, little spurless columbine from seeds which I imported from Japan in 1910 or 1911. It gave me a shock—fortunately mild—to find the flowers described as crimson. I would have said that the colour of weak cocoa was nearer the mark. Nevertheless, the new Supplement is a valuable asset to horticulture, and if you possess the "Dictionary" itself you must at all costs—actually two guineas—complete it by securing the Supplement.



"FLOWERS EXACTLY THE COLOUR OF OUR WILD BLUEBELL": *AQUILEGIA* "HENSOL HAREBELL," WHICH THE R.H.S. SUPPLEMENT BELIEVES TO BE A HYBRID BETWEEN *A. ALPINA* AND *A. VULGARIS*, BUT MR. ELLIOTT THINKS IS "ONE OF THE COLUMBINES FOUND IN THE ALPS, WHICH ARE MORE OR LESS AKIN TO THE TRUE *A. ALPINA* . . ." (Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.)

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THE ROYAL CLYDE YACHT CLUB CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS : AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF SOME OF THE YACHTS ASSEMBLED IN BEAUTIFUL ROTHESAY BAY, WITH THE ROYAL YACHT *BRITANNIA* LYING OFF IN THE BACKGROUND.

At the start of the Clyde "Fortnight" on June 30, the Royal Clyde Yacht Club held its centenary regatta. This famous club was founded in 1856 for owners of yachts of less than 8 tons, and to-day it still maintains a special interest in small craft. The Duke of Edinburgh, on board the Royal yacht *Britannia*, attended by H.M.S. *Termagant* and *Kingfisher*, was present for the first three days of the "Fortnight." On June 30 the Duke, sailing his Dragon-class

yacht *Bluebottle*, came fourth in the third race of the day. On the Sunday a centenary service was held in the High Kirk of Rothesay, and later in the day some 200 yachts cruised in company in the Firth. The Duke took part in the cruise in the small yacht, *Fairey Fox*, designed by Mr. Uffa Fox. The cruise took place in ideal sailing conditions and the large number of yachts made a fitting display to mark the centenary of this notable yachting club.

STAINED GLASS FOR COVENTRY CATHEDRAL: NOW ON EXHIBITION IN LONDON.



AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: THREE OF THE SIX GREAT STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS, EACH 70 FT. HIGH, WHICH HAVE BEEN MADE FOR THE NEW COVENTRY CATHEDRAL. THEY ARE TO BE SEEN IN THE PLASTER CAST COURT.



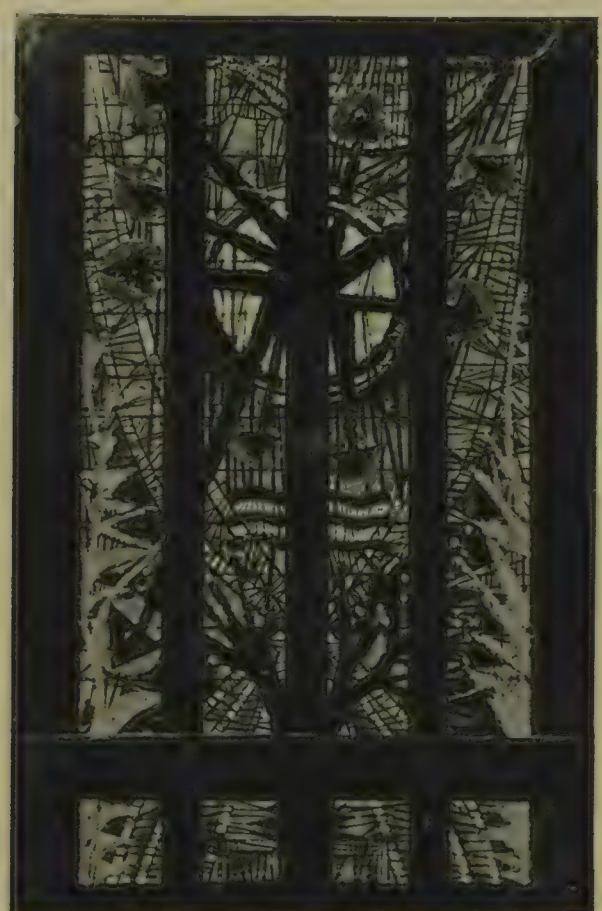
THE WOMAN CLOTHED WITH THE SUN STANDING ON THE MOON: A DETAIL FROM THE "MULTI-COLOURED WINDOW," WHICH IS DESIGNED BY KEITH NEW. THE TEN WINDOWS, ARRANGED IN PAIRS, SYMBOLISE THE LIFE OF MAN.



THE LIGHT OF GOD SHINING INTO THE HEAVENLY CITY: A DETAIL FROM THE "GOLDEN WINDOW," ON THE MAN SIDE, WHICH SYMBOLISES THE AFTER-LIFE, AND IS DESIGNED BY LAWRENCE LEE.



FROM THE "RED WINDOW," ALSO DESIGNED BY LAWRENCE LEE, AND STANDING FOR "YOUNG MANHOOD, PASSION AND MARRIAGE": A DETAIL REPRESENTING THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH.



PART OF THE "GREEN WINDOW," WHICH SYMBOLISES YOUTH AND ADOLESCENCE AND WILL BE AT THE SOUTH END OF THE NAVE OF COVENTRY CATHEDRAL.

While Mr. Basil Spence's design for the new Coventry Cathedral is beginning to be translated into "bricks and mortar" Londoners are being given the opportunity of seeing an important integral part of this striking building. Until September 30, six of the ten great stained-glass windows, which have been made for the nave of the Cathedral, will be on exhibition in the plaster cast Court at the Victoria and Albert Museum. In 1952 the commission for these huge windows, each of which is 70 ft. high, was awarded to the Royal College of Art. Under the direction of Mr. Lawrence Lee, Head of the Department of Stained Glass, who has been assisted by Mr. Geoffrey Clarke and

Mr. Keith New, these windows have been designed and made at the college. They are arranged in five pairs (the windows of each pair will face each other across the nave), which symbolise progressively the life of man. Each pair has a dominant colour theme; green for "youth and adolescence," red for "young manhood, passion and marriage," multi-coloured for "the richness and complexity of middle life," purple-blue for "the wisdom and experience of old age," and golden for "the after-life." The pairs are divided into a "Man side," for the natural order, and a "God side," for the Divine order. The windows have a wealth of symbolic content.

BOUGHT IN
LONDON
FOR LESS
THAN £355:
AN ITALIAN
BUST OF 1439.

THIS extremely interesting Italian Renaissance reliquary bust was discovered by Mr. James J. Rorimer, Director of The Cloisters, the mediæval section of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, in an antique shop in the neighbourhood of London's Bond Street. To quote his own words: "It was filthy with grime, tarnished, painted with a darkened varnish, and the face covered with several layers of flaking paint. After discovering that the bust could be readily exported from England because its price was less than 1000 dollars (about £355), I opened the hinged mitre and saw that the inside was of carefully hammered silver. There could be no doubt that here was an Italian fifteenth-century reliquary bust..." The bust is now on exhibition in The Cloisters of the Metropolitan Museum (by whose courtesy these photographs are reproduced). The cleaning revealed that here was a finely-modelled portrait head in silver and silver-gilt, on a base of copper-gilt. On the ends of the base are enamelled silver plaques with inscriptions in Latin which read: "Master Pogius had this work made" and "Donna Vagia his wife." "Master Pogius" is Gian Francesco Poggio Bracciolini, commonly known as

(Continued below.)



(Above.) MADE FOR THE GREAT HUMANIST, POGGIO, IN 1439: A RELIQUARY BUST OF SILVER, SILVER-GILT AND COPPER-GILT—AFTER CLEANING.

(Continued.)

Poggio (1380-1459), a contemporary of Aretino and a friend of Donatello, who was responsible for a memorial to him. It has been discovered that relics of St. Lawrence found in the church of St. Sixtus, in Rome, in 1434 were given to Poggio and that he caused them to be put in a reliquary embellished with the coats of arms of himself and his wife and given to the church of Santa Maria in Terra-nuova, in a chapel built by Poggio for his family. It is recorded that the reliquary was still *in situ* until shortly before 1914, when it was sold. It has not yet been established whose portrait it is, nor by whose hand it was made. It is presumed that it represents some contemporary ecclesiastic; and it is, of course, tempting, in view of Poggio's friendship with Donatello, to hope that Donatello may indeed prove to be the sculptor.



THE BUST, AS IT WAS WHEN PURCHASED FOR LESS THAN £355 IN A LONDON ANTIQUE SHOP—FILTHY, TARNISHED, AND COVERED WITH FLAKING PAINT.



DURING CLEANING, WHEN HALF OF THE FACE HAD BEEN CLEARED OF SEVERAL LAYERS OF FLAKING GESSO AND PAINT. NOTE ANIMALS ON THE COLLAR.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MOSTLY ABOUT LAMBETH.

By FRANK DAVIS.

TO some Lambeth is a place where a great hospital is to be found. Others go there to call on the Archbishop of Canterbury. Yet others, for all I know, fondly believe that a rowdy dance called "The Lambeth Walk" was invented there. To the late Geoffrey Howard, and to a few dozen others who shared his interests, it was the district which saw the establishment of a pottery manufacture towards the end of the sixteenth century, and whose very easily recognised products during the greater part of the seventeenth century have a character of their own and are something in which we can take a legitimate pride. Now I see his collection is to be sold at Sotheby's on July 24 and a note in the catalogue reminds me that I illustrated some of the pieces on this page as long ago as June 1932. A good deal has happened since then and a whole new generation has grown up, so perhaps I may with a good conscience return to the subject.

As a successful manufacturer of pharmaceutical products Howard's main enthusiasm was reserved for the drug-jars which must have been turned out in considerable numbers to the order of seventeenth-century apothecaries. As most of the apothecaries of any standing had their shops in the City of London, a vast quantity of these drug-jars perished, no doubt, in the Great Fire of 1666. Many of those which have survived have come from places like Bristol or Oxford. But though he was an enthusiast he managed to preserve a sense of balance, and I well remember how anxious he was that his interest in our own native product should not lead anyone to imagine that he did not recognise the superiority of the earlier Italian maiolica drug-jars from which the English variety was derived—a point, I have just noticed, he mentions in the book he published about his collection in 1931. Beside these our own ideas of decoration and of form are liable to seem insipid. But though he took a special and professional delight in these Lambeth jars (Fig. 1), picturing them in the dark little shops of the time amid the stuffed alligators and the other mysteries inherited from the mediæval alchemist—mysteries, he was wont to point out, of which the no less mysterious large jars of coloured water many of us can remember were the legitimate successors—he was fascinated by the various wine bottles, so-called caudle cups and mugs, which are among the most agreeable relics of the century.

The wine bottles are, I think, particularly attractive, whether decorated or no, both because of their shape—derived from the Rhenish stoneware bottles in which wine used to be imported—and the quality of their white glaze. It was once thought that this Lambeth ware could be distinguished by a pinkish tinge to the glaze, but I believe that the theory now in vogue is that this

pinkish tinge is due to the piece having been fired in the kiln next to others decorated in colours. Fig. 2 shows one of these bottles inscribed WHIT 1650 (*i.e.*, for White Wine), and with the name of John Tomes, whom Howard, all those years ago when he wrote his book, thought was probably some vintner of substance who ordered quantities of bottles with his name upon them. The theory he favoured was that the vintners would use the bottles for sampling. How delighted he was by the far more engaging explanation which holds the field to-day. It was John Tomes, of Long Marston, who sheltered Charles II during his

seventeenth-century John Tomes, who owned at least one other similar bottle.

It would appear that such bottles, with or without an inscription, were made as serving bottles for table use—were, in fact, ancestors of the decanter—and replaced the rougher stoneware bottles from the Rhineland. Dated examples have been found from the year 1629 until 1672, but very few after 1660. This is as one would expect, for glass bottles began to come in during the 1650's—that is,

under the Commonwealth—and, by the end of the century, thanks to the experiments of Ravenscroft and the enterprise of the glass merchants, the great days of English glass manufacture had begun. It was, therefore, probably a normal procedure for a substantial family by the middle of the century to order a whole set of these bottles with suitable decoration—something like the well-known armorial sack bottle dated 1647 and painted in blue with the arms of William Allen of Berkshire (Fig. 3). A no less rare specimen, and a very attractive one, is the powdered-manganese wine-bottle of Fig. 4, painted in blue with a foul-anchor beneath an earl's coronet enclosed by a Garter label with the inscription "HONI SOIT," etc. The owner was presumably Edward Montague, 1st Earl of Sandwich, that good sailor who was killed at the Battle of Solebay in 1672.

The beginnings of the so-called English Delft—that is, the tin-enamelled pottery industry—seem to be due to the enterprise of two potters from the Netherlands, Jasper Andries and Jacob Janson (soon anglicised to Johnson), who petitioned Queen Elizabeth I for permission to practise their craft. The name Delft was, of course, applied to it later when the little Dutch town had become famous for this type of ware. The former, we read, settled in Norwich, the latter in London (1571). The earliest piece which bears an inscription is the dish in the London Museum of the year 1600, which is decorated with a view of what is presumably the Tower of London and, round the rim, the legend: "The Rose is Red the Leaves are Grene God Save Elizabeth Our Quene." Other notable and well-known pieces in the Howard collection are armorial cups of the Carpenters', Leather-sellers' and Clothworkers' Companies, mugs with portraits of Charles II and of William and Mary, and the earliest example of Lambeth bearing a political slogan—a small mug inscribed "God Send Ye King Save to Irld," which presumably refers to the projected visit of James II just before the Battle of the Boyne. There is an example in the Glenny collection which is a straightforward attempt to emulate the pictorial glories of the Italian maiolica potters of the time. By their standards, it would seem more hopeful than successful—by the standards of England in 1652 it was an inspiring advance. This is the famous charger of "The Nativity" in orange, yellow, blue and green against a dark manganese background. If in subsequent years Lambeth ever did better, we have no trace of it.



FIG. 1. INCLUDED IN AN INTERESTING SALE OF ENGLISH POTTERY AT MESSRS. SOTHEBY'S ON JULY 24: AN EARLY LAMBETH DELFT DRUG-JAR (c. 1652), WHICH IS ONE OF THE PIECES FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE GEOFFREY HOWARD DESCRIBED BY MR. DAVIS IN HIS ARTICLE THIS WEEK. (Height, 5½ ins.)



FIG. 2. THE CELEBRATED JOHN TOMES WINE BOTTLE: A FAMOUS LAMBETH PIECE FROM THE HOWARD COLLECTION WHICH WAS MADE FOR JOHN TOMES, OF LONG MARSTON, WHO SHELTERED CHARLES II ON HIS FLIGHT FROM WORCESTER IN 1651. "WHIT" STANDS FOR WHITE WINE. (Height, 7½ ins.)



FIG. 3. THE WILLIAM ALLEN ARMORIAL SACK BOTTLE, DATED "1647": ANOTHER OF THE MANY IMPORTANT LAMBETH PIECES FROM THE HOWARD COLLECTION TO BE AUCTIONED AT SOTHEBY'S ON JULY 24. THIS PIECE AND THE TOMES BOTTLE WERE ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE IN 1932. (Height, 6½ ins.)



FIG. 4. "A RARE SPECIMEN, AND A VERY ATTRACTIVE ONE": A LAMBETH DELFT POWDERED-MANGANESE WINE BOTTLE OF THE SECOND HALF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY AND PROBABLY MADE FOR THE 1ST EARL OF SANDWICH, WHO WAS ADMIRAL AT SEA AND A K.G. (Height, 8 ins.)

flight from Worcester in 1651, when the King nearly betrayed himself by his clumsiness in turning the jack in the kitchen. Tomes is by no means an ordinary name, so that—even without other evidence—it is more than likely that this bottle was in that kitchen on this notable occasion. The question was cleared up once and for all by the descendants of the

the pictorial glories of the Italian maiolica potters of the time. By their standards, it would seem more hopeful than successful—by the standards of England in 1652 it was an inspiring advance. This is the famous charger of "The Nativity" in orange, yellow, blue and green against a dark manganese background. If in subsequent years Lambeth ever did better, we have no trace of it.

ROUND THE GALLERIES: VENICE, SPAIN AND LONDON SEEN BY THREE ARTISTS.



"THE RIVA DEI SCHIAVONE," BY GIACOMO GUARDI (1764-1835): ONE OF HIS TWENTY-EIGHT VIEWS OF VENICE IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERY, 17-18, OLD BOND STREET. (Gouache on paper; 5½ by 9½ ins.)



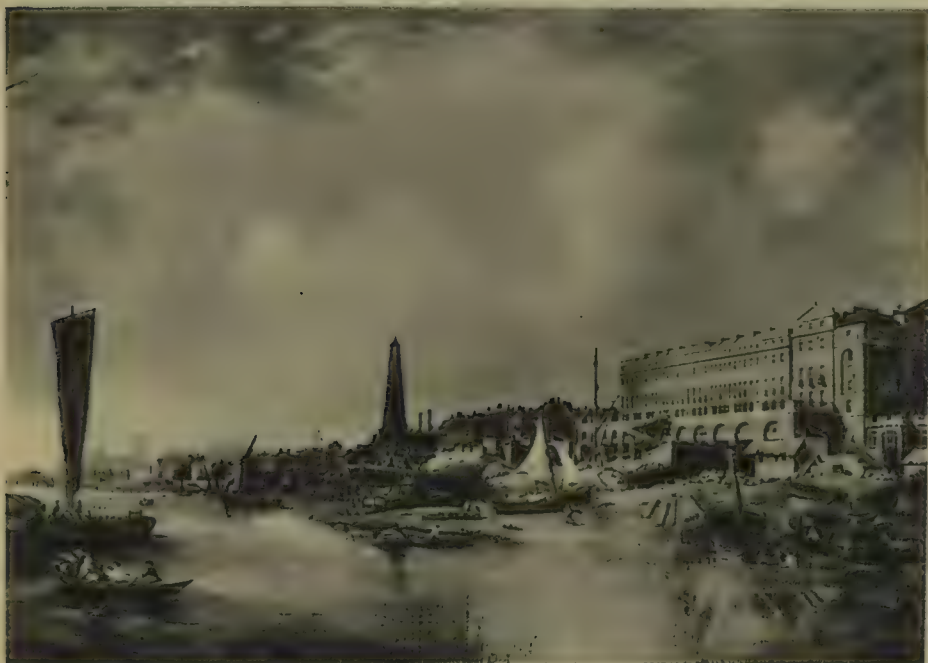
"PIAZZA SAN MARCO," BY GIACOMO GUARDI, WHO WAS THE SON OF FRANCESCO GUARDI. HIS SKETCHES OF VENICE WERE VERY POPULAR WITH ENGLISH TOURISTS AND ARE NOW AGAIN COMING INTO FASHION. (Gouache on paper; 5½ by 9½ ins.)



FROM A CONTEMPORARY ARTIST'S SPANISH SKETCH-BOOK: "SALAMANCA," BY PIETRO ANNIGNONI, WHICH IS INCLUDED IN THE EXHIBITION OF HIS RECENT DRAWINGS IN SPAIN AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S, 43, OLD BOND STREET. (Pen, ink and wash; 14½ by 21 ins.)



(Above.) "TOLEDO—REFLECTION," BY PIETRO ANNIGNONI. MANY OF THE DRAWINGS IN THIS EXHIBITION, WHICH CONTINUES UNTIL JULY 28, WILL BE APPEARING IN BOOK FORM. (Pen, ink and wash; 14½ by 21 ins.)



"THE ADELPHI TERRACE WITH WESTMINSTER IN THE DISTANCE," BY WILLIAM MARLOW (1740-1813): AT THE CURRENT GUILDHALL ART GALLERY SUMMER EXHIBITION OF HIS WORK. (Westminster Bank, Ltd.) (Canvas; 53 by 75 ins.)

(Right.) "CAPRICCIO: ST. PAUL'S AND A VENETIAN CANAL," BY WILLIAM MARLOW: A PAINTING WHICH COMBINES HIS LOVE FOR LONDON AND ITALY. THIS INTERESTING EXHIBITION OF MARLOW'S WORK CONTINUES UNTIL JULY 22. (The Tate Gallery.) (Canvas; 51 by 41 ins.)



The three current London exhibitions illustrated on this page provide many interesting themes for comparison. Each of the three artists may be said to have English as well as Italian influences displayed in his work. Two of them, Giacomo Guardi and Pietro Annigoni, can both be considered as Italians working largely for English clients, while the third, William Marlow, was an English artist who was very strongly influenced by the Venetian School of his day. The former are at present at the height of fashion, while Marlow is, perhaps somewhat unjustly, inclined to be neglected to-day, though this exhibition of his work at the Guildhall Art Gallery should do much to revive interest in him. Giacomo Guardi (1764-1835) was the artist son of the much more able and famous Francesco Guardi. His twenty-eight views of Venice, which are to be seen at the Marlborough Gallery until July 31, are typical of the work which he produced very largely for sale to members of the English gentry visiting his native city. The work of his father and the other painters of the Venetian scene was extremely popular in this country. Taking advantage of this, Giacomo, adhering closely to their style, produced an

immense number of such drawings for sale to English tourists. It is only in the last few years that his work has suddenly sprung back into fashion. Pietro Annigoni is principally known for his striking portraits. The current exhibition at Agnew's throws some interesting light on his powers as a draughtsman. This group of seventy-one drawings was done on a visit to Spain last summer, and will soon be appearing in book form. Following on from their summer exhibition last year of the work of Samuel Scott, the Guildhall Art Gallery's loan exhibition this year is appropriately devoted to paintings and drawings by Scott's pupil, William Marlow (1740-1813). Marlow was born at Southwark, and having begun his studies under Scott he travelled in France and Italy from 1765 to 1768. "Like his original master, he became a close follower of the school of Canaletto, and this influence is to be seen both in his paintings of Continental scenes as well as in those of London. This is best shown in the most interesting *capriccio* reproduced above, in which his able rendering of the surfaces of buildings and of the contrasts of light may also be seen. This exhibition continues until July 22.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

THE SETTING'S THE THING.

By ALAN DENT.

THERE is one thing the cinema will always do better than the theatre, and better even than televised drama, however much this may improve in the future. This is the conjuration of the atmosphere of a place. The process is almost childishly simple. One simply repairs to the locality in question, however remote, and gives one's story the exact setting it demands. Thus the authentic atmosphere can hardly avoid being created, unless the executive should happen to be composed of unpractised and blithering idiots.

In three of the new films we are transported, by this simple and expensive method, to the Australian Bush, to an unspecified portion of Southern Africa, and to the Cirque d'Hiver, in Paris. The first film is "Smiley," adapted from Moore Raymond's popular Australian novel, and directed by Anthony Kimmins. The second is "Odongo," a somewhat shapeless tale of a wild-animal trapper, kept more or less in shape by

and chose him for Joey, who plays—as it were—Tom Sawyer to Smiley's Huckleberry Finn. The water-hole where these two do their fishing and plan the acquisition of coppers and sixpences towards the purchase of a bicycle becomes a quite endearing place. The spectacle of the Rev. Ralph Richardson trundling along in a decrepit little car and calling out: "Jehovah be with you!" to everyone he passes is as pleasant a thing to contemplate as a bowl of ripe fruit, and both Mr. Rafferty and Mr. McCallum have

Walla is taken and Odongo, unharmed, returns to the animal farm where Stratton, no longer a misogynist, and the lovely doctor make up their differences."

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



COLIN PETERSEN IN THE TITLE-ROLE OF THE LONDON FILMS PRODUCTION "SMILEY," WHICH IS PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY ANTHONY KIMMINS.

In making his choice this fortnight, Alan Dent writes: "Master Colin Petersen carries all before him in the name-part in 'Smiley,' a simple-hearted but thoroughly engaging film about life in the Australian Bush. He is not so much an actor as a self-exponent—a statement which may, incidentally, be made of many quite celebrated and utterly professional players of both sexes. The tiny little undeveloped self which Master Petersen exposes is that of a little boy whose whole soul is set on the purchase of a bicycle by any manner of means. His freckled and good, if wily, little face does the rest."



AN EFFECTIVE MOMENT IN "SMILEY," A LONDON FILMS PRESENTATION IN CINEMASCOPE AND RELEASED BY 20TH CENTURY-FOX: SMILEY (COLIN PETERSEN) TRIES TO EXPLAIN TO ITS OWNER, SERGEANT FLAXMAN (CHIPS RAFFERTY), HOW HE DAMAGED HIS BICYCLE. (LONDON PREMIERE, JUNE 28: CARLTON CINEMA.)

director, John Gilling. The third is "Trapeze," in which a remarkable and exciting amount is made of a commonplace story by the director, who is Carol Reed. In all three, but most particularly in the third, the setting's the thing far more than the play.

One need not be very shrewd to perceive exactly how "Smiley" came about. It is, alas, the last film over which the late Sir Alexander Korda had immediate control. A long time ago one heard that he had purchased the film-rights of this popular novel (a book so penetratingly popular, by the way, that I saw a translation of it last year in a bookshop-window at Kuopio, in the heart of Finland). Time passed, and then, eighteen months or so ago, Korda—who was a man of vision as well as sense—may be imagined as saying to Mr. Kimmins:—"Why don't you take a trip to Australia and film that nice Australian novel which is lying about the office? I suggest it right now because two good actors you could use—Ralph Richardson and John McCallum—both happen to be in Australia touring English plays. Let Ralph play the jovial parson, and give John the part of the nasty publican who smuggles opium for delivery to an aboriginal camp. The aborigines are still around for you to use, and so is that likeable Australian actor, Chips Rafferty, who will be only too pleased to play the policeman who cycles around ensuring law and order. Smiley himself you must find there and somehow."

It may not have been quite so simple as all this. But I should be surprised to hear that I am very wrong in my rough conjecture. Mr. Kimmins duly set eyes on Colin Petersen and chose him for Smiley, and here he is in all his freckled glory. He set eyes also on a little boy called Bruce Archer

their effective moments. In short, only those filmgoers who have turned more or less sour with sophistication will be unable to smile at Smiley and his up-and-down adventures in pursuit of a bicycle all his own. It is by no means the least of Korda's many fine achievements.

The African film, "Odongo," is really much more of a mess. There is a kind of a plot about a misogynistic animal-trapper, sullenly played by Macdonald Carey, who is supplied with a new vet in the shape of a female of the species, winsomely played by Rhonda Fleming. The sullen gradually, very gradually, melts before the winsomeness. There is also a native underplot in which the machinations of a dismissed servant called Walla are all but foiled by a loyal servant, Odongo himself, who is charmingly played by a native boy called Juma, a self-exponent almost as notable as Master Petersen himself in the Australian film. Odongo's chief job is to feed the animals which are in cages ready for transport to zoos and circuses. Walla's chief machination is to come along at dead of night, open all the cages, and bring about a stampede with the aid of a blazing torch. Those who object to the penning of wild animals will here have the lurid satisfaction of beholding a confused mass of ostriches and elephants and lions and various other cats and dogs all at liberty, and all in a state of wild chaos and alarm. It is fun while it lasts, but all too soon we are back with the humans. In the unmatched words of the synopsis:—"After an exciting chase and struggle,

The demands of the populace would seem these days to be amply satisfied with a menu of bread and circuses and Lollobrigida. The film called "Trapeze" supplies exactly this, and will consequently be a huge popular success, even though Carol Reed has certainly given us better things in the past. This film, for one thing, has a poor and banal central story about an expert trapezist who has been lamed in his time, a youth who seeks to perform the triple somersault in mid-air, and a shapely young woman who comes between them (both in mid-air and on the ground). Bestow these three parts respectively upon the virile Burt Lancaster, the handsome-callow Tony Curtis, and the bewitching Miss Lollobrigida, and who but a critic is going to cavil at the usualness of the plot?

But here again, as in those Australian and African adventures, it is the atmosphere, the setting, that really counts and tells. We have here the captivating atmosphere of a big circus in full play—in the background, in the foreground, and even sometimes—as when our trapezists are performing and quarrelling in mid-air—in the beneath ground of the arena itself.



A FILM WITH "THE CAPTIVATING ATMOSPHERE OF A BIG CIRCUS IN FULL PLAY": A SCENE FROM "TRAPEZE" IN WHICH MIKE RIBBLE (BURT LANCASTER, LEFT), LOLA (GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA) AND TINO ORSINI (TONY CURTIS), THE STARS OF A DARING TRAPEZE ACT, ACKNOWLEDGE THEIR OVATION. THIS UNITED ARTISTS FILM, WHICH IS DIRECTED BY SIR CAROL REED, HAS THE BACKGROUND OF A CIRCUS IN PARIS. (LONDON PREMIERE, JUNE 26; ODEON, MARBLE ARCH.)

So well directed is this film that you can very nearly smell circus—that strange exciting odour of which only three of many constituents are orange peel, hot sawdust, and the breath of elephants.



ONE OF THE WORLD'S RAREST BIRDS—NOW IN CAPTIVITY: A TEITA FALCON, SEEN IN A NAIROBI GARDEN. IN GENERAL CHARACTER IT RECALLS A MINIATURE PEREGRINE.

ONE OF AFRICA'S RAREST BIRDS: A TEITA FALCON, IN CAPTIVITY.



THE TEITA FALCON, AT ABOUT NINE MONTHS OLD, IN SECOND IMMATURE PLUMAGE.



MR. JUSTICE RUDD, WITH THE FALCON ON HIS HAND, IN HIS NAIROBI GARDEN, WHERE THE BIRD WAS FOUND BY THE JUDGE'S AFRICAN GARDENER WITH ONE WING SLIGHTLY INJURED.



SHOWING THE WING AND TAIL STRUCTURE OF THE TEITA FALCON, THOUGHT TO BE A FEMALE.



(Left.)
THE FALCON ON MR. JUSTICE RUDD'S HAND. IT IS ABOUT 8 INS. HIGH AND HAS REACHED MAXIMUM SIZE. PREDOMINANTLY GREY WITH LIGHT BLUE-GREY BACK FEATHERS.

(Right.)
THE HEAD OF THE FALCON. THE FEATHERS ROUND THE BEAK AND EYES ARE YELLOW. THE LEGS ARE ORANGE-YELLOW. THE TYPICAL NAPE PATCH HAS NOT YET DEVELOPED.



Recently a Teita (sometimes spelt Taita) falcon (*Falco fasciinucha*), one of the world's rarest birds, was caught in Nairobi, the capital of Kenya Colony, East Africa. The bird was caught by the African gardener of Mr. Justice Rudd, a Nairobi judge, in his garden which is next to the Governor's residence. One of its wings was slightly damaged, probably by telephone wires, but it appears to be mending satisfactorily. It was quite tame, and was eating out of Mr. Justice Rudd's hand within fifteen minutes after its capture. The Teita falcon, named after the Teita Hills and district of North-East Tanganyika, was first discovered in 1895 by two German observers, Reichenow and Neumann; the specimen being sent to the Berlin Museum. A second specimen was captured by Percival, a game warden, and found its way to the American Museum in New York. The bird was then not seen again until a serving officer rediscovered it in the Yavello district of Ethiopia, during the Second World War. This specimen is now in the British Museum of Natural History. Since then it has been observed

by a Mr. H. F. I. Elliot, of Dar-es-Salaam, and a Mr. Fuggles-Couchman; who saw it in the Crater Highlands of Northern Tanganyika. Mr. C. R. S. Pitman has observed it at Malindi on the east coast of Kenya, and Mr. J. G. Williams, ornithologist at the Coryndon Memorial Museum, Nairobi, has seen it in the Northern Turkana District of Kenya, near a place called Liwan. To date, these were the only observations of this extremely rare bird, and nothing is known of its nesting or breeding habits. The captured specimen has immature plumage, which is hitherto unrecorded, but was recognised by a barely discernible rufous nape patch, which is characteristic of the adult bird. Though nothing is known of the breeding habits, Mr. Williams's observations in the Turkana suggest it may have been breeding in late April there. Mr. Williams said that it is the fastest bird of prey that he has ever seen, surpassing even the peregrine falcon. It has been observed chasing flocks of pigeons. Mr. Justice Rudd hopes to be able to train his specimen for falconry.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

USUALLY it is American novelists who make a début of startling accomplishment—not necessarily on a high plane. One is less prepared for it in other quarters; and "Tunes of Glory," by James Kennaway (Putnam; 13s. 6d.), has not merely unquestionable shape, but the tensest kind of distinction. Its theme is what used to be dinned into one as the "correct" form of tragedy, a conflict of right and right: and in an outstandingly specialised and picturesque arena—the peace-time barracks of a Highland regiment, in an unidentified Scottish town.

Jock Sinclair has been Acting Colonel of the Battalion for four and a half years. He is a "fabulous man," who started as a boy-piper, and achieved his "days of glory" during the war. In battle Jock was sublime. In peace he could have been Pipe-Major, and perhaps should have been. But "that was not the way of it," and having acted Colonel so long, he feels entitled to be Colonel. Instead of which, a new man named Barrow has been appointed. "Och, and what a spry wee gent he is"—Eton and Oxford, "special duties" after the first year or two, very cool, careful and touch-me-not—the fatal antithesis of Jock. Some are on Jock's side; some, even of those devoted to him, feel it was about time to check the rowdiness and "have a colonel again." And Jock himself means mischief. He is a wily old swashbuckler; but "nature" is far more potent in him than guile. It makes him a great man; it also rushes him into a ghastly blunder with no outlet. Seemingly "Barrow Boy" has triumphed—but that is only a superficial view. Barrow admires Jock, and feels scared of him; he would have liked to be Jock. Moreover, he is flawed by loneliness and a Japanese prison-camp, while Jock is flawed by his ordeal in the desert. They have begun to go to pieces at sight of each other; and what looks like mortal feud is really a race to self-destruction—with the "bottled-up" character winning by inches.

It is a dramatic tale, with an effect of superb authenticity in scene and dialogue. All the minor figures ring true; as for Jock, he repels and makes one squirm, only to come out immense, touching and disarming. "Barrow Boy" seems a wraith by contrast. And here one may observe a dilemma, for he ought to be wraith-like, yet he has not a wraith's part in the action; dramatically, he is on the same plane with Jock. Perhaps the writer should have put more into him.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Struggle with the Angels," by Adam de Hegedus (Wingate; 13s. 6d.), is a posthumous novel. It is said to be based on fact: on the offer of the Hungarian Crown to a "chosen Englishman" after the First War. And we are told the writer was then a young Hungarian living in Budapest. But, we are told, this "brilliantly witty novel" was inspired only by "race memories within his subconscious." Further, its "deft construction and rapier-like irreverence show something of the devastating skill of an Evelyn Waugh. . . ."

It is easier to quote and dissent radically than to give one's own view of this curious and winning book. The narrator is an Anglo-Hungarian named Andrew Kelen. As a very young man he worked for a Hungarian Mission in London. Then Arnold Westray, the mysterious and retiring Press magnate, started his campaign for "Justice to Hungary." The sensation there was terrific; there was a large fan-mail, and Andrew was engaged to deal with it. He saw the whole thing; and now, years afterwards, he gives a shrewd and meditative account of it, swarming with Hungarian public and would-be public types. But not, I think, "brilliantly witty"; not even very well organised, as fiction, and certainly not at all like Evelyn Waugh. Its charm lies in an intimate, unique flavour of nostalgia and personality.

"One Half So Precious," by Kate Farness (Peter Davies; 13s. 6d.), is a tale of bootlegging days in Minnesota. It could be more luminously described as a kind of latter-day "Little Women": though the Craigs are a mixed family (but mostly girls), and their goings-on would have made the Marches' hair stand on end. Gort, though a hard-working professional man and devoted father, is also a happy-go-lucky gambler, and the six children take after him. He turns to bootlegging, the children co-operate, and have their own ploys, boys, and other dramas. They are eminently resourceful and independent. And when the paterfamilias takes his double and deserved header in the great slump, no one is either down-hearted or reclaimed.

"The Megstone Plot," by Andrew Garve (Collins; 10s. 6d.), presents another of the author's new lines. Clive Easton, D.S.O., has entangled himself with the siren Isobel Cowley, who refuses to leave dull Walter, or take the slightest risk, without cash security. How, then, can they make a pile? It is Isobel who suggests that he should appear to vanish behind the Iron Curtain, and then sue the newspapers. Clive approaches this as a fantasy—and concludes that it *might* be done, by marooning himself in a small boat on a lonely rock. And then he does it, with undesigned seriousness. Then it seems to have worked perfectly. And finally, an alarming reverse-sets in. . . . Neat, well-turned, excellently written.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE HISTORY AND ARCHITECTURE OF EUROPEAN CAPITALS.

MR. ROBERT LIDDELL, whose "Ægean Greece" pleased me so much, now brings off a double with "Byzantium and Istanbul" (Cape; 25s.). When Byzas of Megara gave his name in 657 B.C. to the first city to be founded on the site of Byzantium, he began the long history of one of the most beautiful, the most troubled and most tragic cities in the western world. As Gibbon wrote, the city which first grew to greatness under Constantine the Great was "formed by nature for the centre and capital of a great monarchy." Yet at no time during its periods of greatness was Byzantium popularly so-called. Now Mr. Liddell, on the whole, does not like Byzantium, whether as Constantinople or under its Turkish name of Istanbul. He is a Hellenist who likes his Greek culture undiluted by eastern infusions. He would not, for example, like the old prophecies to be fulfilled, and Constantinople to be Greek once more. As he says: "I am too Philhellenic to wish it; to me it is Hellas that makes Hellenes, more than blood or tradition. Bavarian families who have come to Greece with Otto can now be regarded as perfectly Greek. And this scrag-end of Europe, this sad, misty Eastern Thrace, an outpost of the Hellenic world, is not Hellas, any more than Aden is England. The Byzantine Empire, with its Asiatic rulers and its Roman heritage, never managed to be so Greek as modern Greece, never had so living a Greek language. It would be sad indeed to see a city with the brilliant light and the sparkling climate of Athens turn into a second capital, while life moved from the Ægean to the Bosphorus." Yet he writes with a grudging affection of pre-Turkish Constantinople, and I do not recall reading so admirable an evocation of the city as it was under the Eastern Emperors; for centuries a falling house which never falls, a vast head with an ever-shrinking body, a great capital city which never wholly recovered from its sack by the Latin crusader, and yet which contrived to struggle on for another four centuries. He writes movingly, too, of the gallant defence of the city under the last Constantine, a defence where the besieged were outnumbered by fifty to one by the Turks, and yet where the old religious quarrels between easterners and westerners were indulged in up to the very moment when the Janissaries burst in, sword in hand, to destroy and massacre and rape. Perhaps because of his Philhellenism, Mr. Liddell writes with greater enthusiasm of Turkish Istanbul—though the modern city, with its trams, its noise and its squalor, disgusts him. Still, in spite of himself, he has written a book which will delight all those who know Istanbul, and make those who have not yet visited it, wish to do so.

Mr. James Lees-Milne, the author of "Roman Mornings" (Wingate; 17s.), is a scholar, and an architectural critic who wears his considerable learning lightly and attractively. One could spend a lifetime in Rome without exhausting the pleasures of its antiquities, its monuments and its hidden beauties. It is little wonder, then, that the casual tourist comes away a trifle overwhelmed. Mr. Lees-Milne's book is only a guide-book in the sense that the reader will set it down with a far greater appreciation of the architectural styles of the Eternal City. He chooses no more than eight buildings in all, representing six main phases of the architectural history of Rome. He begins with the Pantheon, moves on to the early Christian mausoleum of Santa Costanza (with its magnificent mosaic ceilings), through the Romanesque (Santa Maria in Cosmedin) to Renaissance, Baroque and Rococo examples. In his description of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, he rightly points out that, in spite of the fact that the "Gothic style is wholly derivative from Catholicism, of which the fountain seat was Rome itself," Gothic played little or no part in mediæval, or, indeed, any other Roman architecture. The book is well illustrated by photographs, and Mr. Lees-Milne's approach to his subject is as successful as it is scholarly.

Mr. Vivian Rowe, in "Royal Châteaux of Paris" (Putnam; 25s.), also brings off a double to his recently published "Châteaux of the Loire." In point of fact, Mr. Rowe cheats slightly by extending his subject to cover all Royal châteaux within easy reach by public services of the capital. Thus, in addition to such palaces as the Louvre and the Luxembourg, he takes in not merely Versailles, Malmaison and Fontainebleau, but Rambouillet, Chantilly and Vaux-le-Vicomte. He writes with knowledge and affection of his subject, and, like Mr. Lees-Milne's book, the visitor would do well to have it by him on his next visit to Paris and its environs.

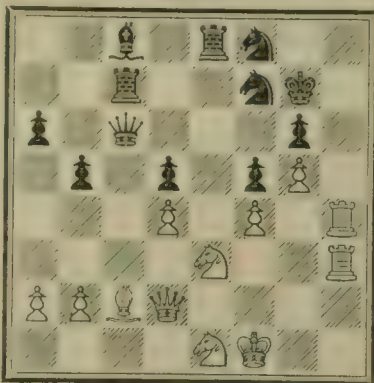
Coming nearer home, we have Mr. Richard Edmonds' excellent "Chelsea: From the Five Fields to the World's End" (Phene Press; 12s. 6d.). From its very earliest days as a small village centring round the manor which provided Sir Thomas More with his retreat from the Court, and the embarrassing affection of Henry VIII, the master who was to murder him, Chelsea has had a character all of its own. Indeed, it persists to the present day, and the King's Road (once the "King's Private Road" from Buckingham Palace to the west) still has something of the characteristics of a village street. Mr. Edmonds takes each street and square of modern Chelsea in turn and recounts its history. The drawings by Mr. Dennis Flanders, which decorate it, are as excellent as you would expect from so skilful an artist.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

BECAUSE both players had allowed themselves to run terribly short of time on their clocks, the diagrammed position from the recent Natal Open Championship gave rise to amusing play.

Black.



White.

Play proceeded in the wildest of scrambles:

38. P-R4
39. Kt-Q3 P-Kt5
40. Kt-K5 Kt×Kt

White now captured with the wrong pawn:

41. BP×Kt P-B5
42. R×P??

Completely overlooking that his rook on R3 is attacked: the sort of thing that is liable to happen when you are under the obligation to make four more moves within about ten seconds. Black, suppressing a whoop of joy, plays:

42. B×Rch

Well, I have written "ch," but neither player noticed it was check, and the game rushed on:

43. Q-R2!!

Black now picked up his queen and had actually played 43. . . . Q-K3 when one of the spectators, unable to restrain himself any longer, pointed out that White's king was in check.

White accordingly retracted 43. Q-R2 and played 43. K-K1 instead. Not even the spectators realised this time that he could have been forced to play 43. Q-Kt2 as he had touched his queen. The scramble continued:

(43. K-K1) Q-K3
44. Q-R2 R-B2
45. R-B6 R×R
46. KtP×Rch K-B2

Not having had time to write down or even count their moves, each player had made one more than the necessary forty-five. The game was now to be adjourned. White, with all the time in the world now to decide on a "sealed" move, was so depressed at his lapse that he sealed the blunder 47. B-B5? and soon lost on resumption. By 47. Kt×P he might have drawn. By 47. B-Kt3 he might have won—e.g., 47. . . . R-Q1; 48. Q-Rx winning the QP.

Troubled by time shortage, J. Penrose in one British Championship made a move with a pinned piece. "Then I answer B×K," said his opponent, T. H. Taylor, capturing Penrose's king good-humouredly. Too good-humouredly, for, in some mysterious way he was held to have condoned his opponent's illegal move by making one himself.

One competitor in the last British Championship, in terrible time trouble, moved illegally. "That forfeits the game!" said his opponent, quite inaccurately (he could only enforce a legal move by the touched piece) but more effectively than T. H. Taylor, for, before his bemused opponent could recover his poise, he had persuaded him to sign his resignation on the score sheet and handed it in.

Reuben Fine made the most original move of all. In a time scramble in the U.S. Open he caught his hand on a jug of coffee and drenched the board, his opponent and himself. There was no attempt to appeal to the controller for a ruling. The players just ran off to change their trousers!



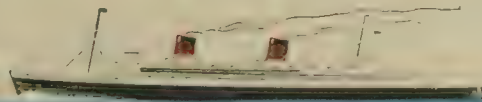
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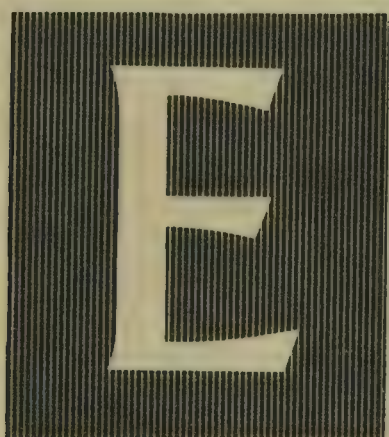
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**TRANSPORT.**

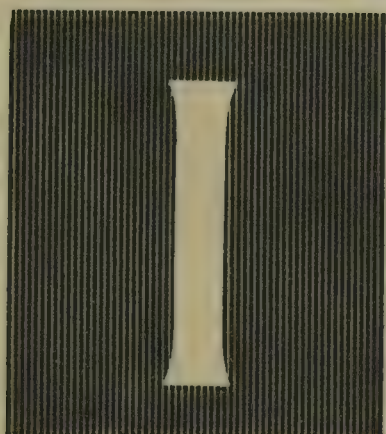
As part of the plan for the modernisation of British Railways, important orders have been placed with B.T.H. and Metropolitan-Vickers for diesel electric locomotives and power equipment. Metropolitan-Vickers produced the first gas turbine to be fitted in a ship and B.T.H. the first to power a large ocean-going vessel. A Metropolitan-Vickers gas turbine powered Donald Campbell's record-breaking 'Bluebird'. The world's first jet engine was built by B.T.H.

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In addition to building much of the telephone equipment in use to-day, Siemens Brothers have developed for the first time in this country a semi-automatic telephone exchange with a cordless switchboard. Submarine Cables Ltd., an associated company, is now engaged in laying the first transatlantic telephone cable linking London with the United States.

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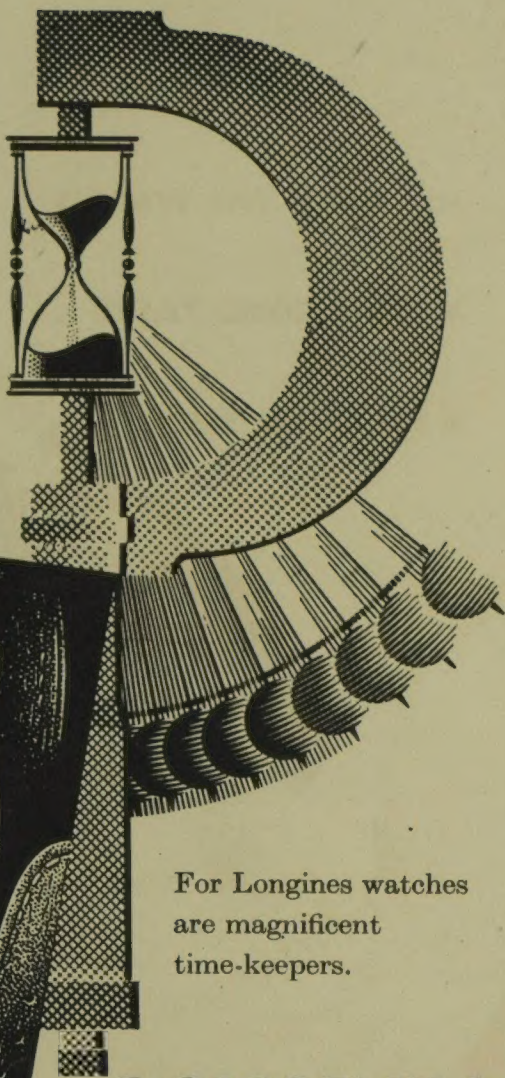
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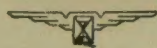


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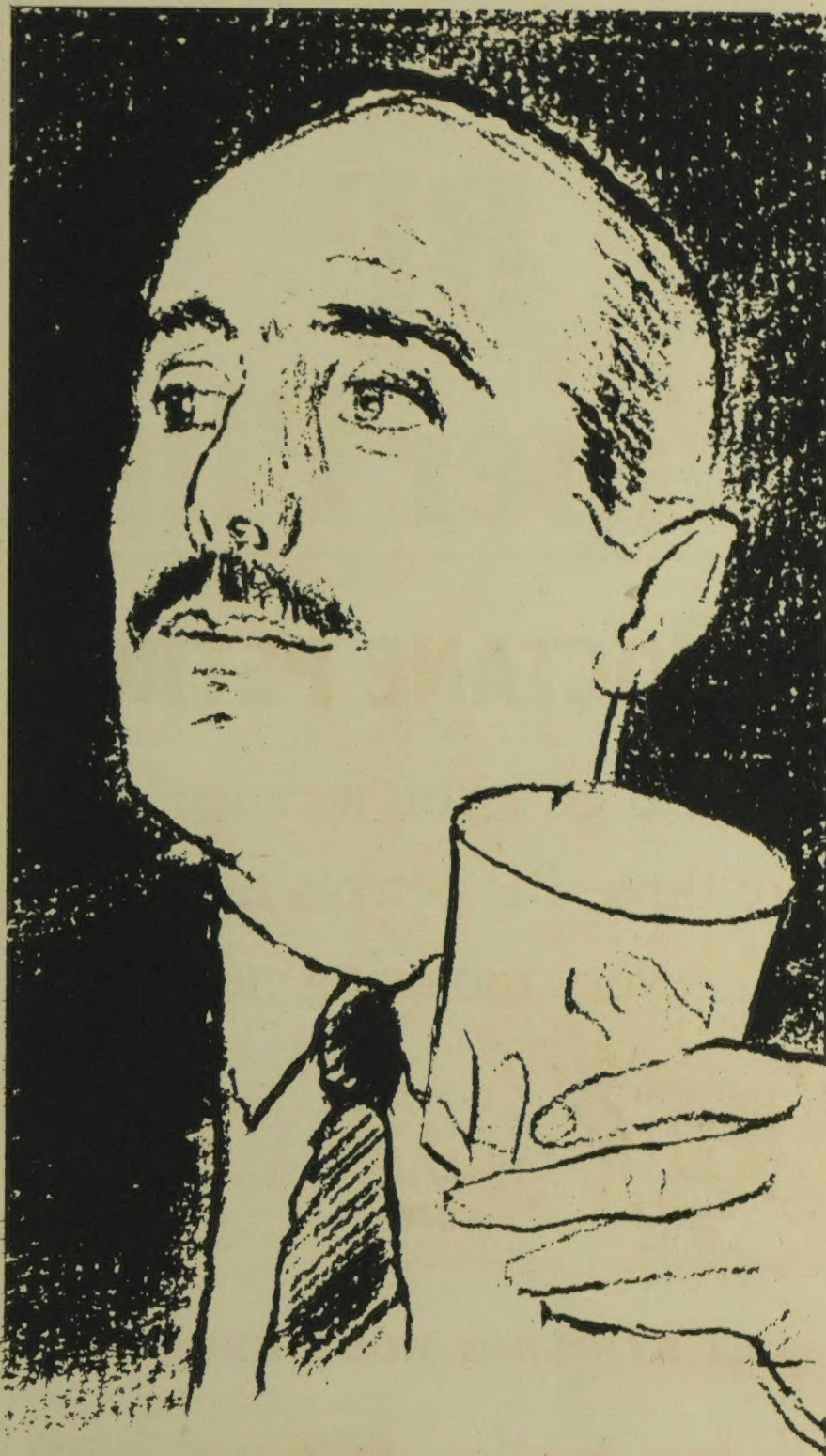
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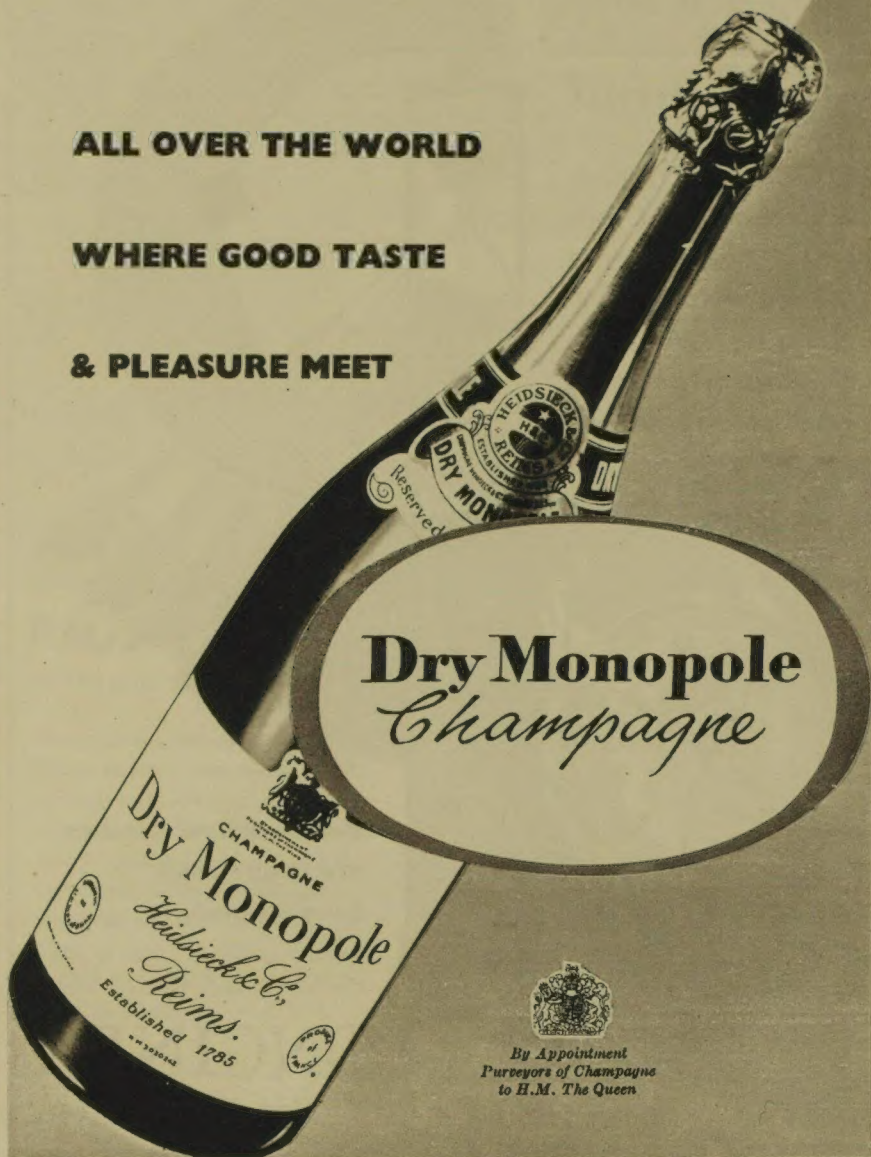
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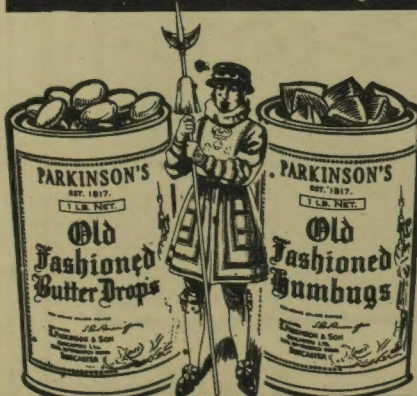
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